

Who To Become

by Periwinkle Skittles

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Summary: Sequel To Who To Fight. Her forces are the strongest and most merciless in all of history. Her moon-white scales would be beautiful, if they were not stained with blood. Many think that her scales are forever marked with blood- that it sunk into her scales and recolored it. She's called the Bloody Moon, not only because of her markings, but she is the moon- the symbol of darkness.

## 1. Tests and Stained Paws

### Prologue

"\_Power. Haven. Revenge. Join me and you will get all of that. We will be feared by our enemies. Anybody that gets in my way will be executed. I prefer not to do that, but nothing will stop us on our path for conquest. We can expand our territories- dragons will beg to join our ranks. So what do you say?"\_

\_Her moon-white scales would be beautiful, if they were not stained with blood. She's got crimson markings and one blood-red paw that she murders with. Many think that her scales are forever marked with blood- that it sunk into her scales and recolored it. \_

\_And her forces are the strongest and most merciless in all of history.\_

\_She's called the Bloody Moon, not only because of her white and red markings, but she is the moon- the symbol of darkness.\_

### Chapter One

#### Tests and Stained Paws

\_Earlier\_

Once all of the battling dragons are gone, Skurge leads me down the

mountain. I walk with my head held high as we weave through the houses. He said he's got to show me to the Outcast leader, Alvin. "I assume that he's in our hospital," Skurge is saying, "because your mother left a good scratch on his chest."

I growl as he says, "mother". I will never forget what my kin has done to meâ€|how they treated me. But Skurge said that here, I'll be valued and needed. And that's just how I like it.

Some of the dragons that we pass shoot me strange looks. Skurge sometimes talks to them, but it doesn't last too long.

Finally, we reach the hospital, which is basically a large shack. He makes a noise and I hear somebody start talking.

"I'm fine. My dragon wants to show me something."

"Chief Alvin, I insist that you stay seated. You could start bleeding again."

"Keep me confined in here and I will have you executed!"

"â€|"

A large, burly man walks out and looks at Skurge and I. He must be Alvin.

He looks at me and grins, "What a lovely surprise. Good job, Skurge." I yelp as he picks me up roughly by my scruff. "At least I can show them your dead body."

My eyes widen and I look at Skurge, who is watching us emotionlessly. "Prove yourself." He mutters. It takes me a second to realize what he means, but when I do, I nod and start clawing and biting. Swinging my legs, I wrap around his arm and dig my claws in as deep as I can. More of that blood stuff comes out and splatters on my scales. He grits his teeth in pain and flings me off.

I pick myself up quickly and crouch, ready to fight. Alvin gazes at me, but differently this time. It's full of interestâ€|curiosity.

"This one's a fighter." He says and Skurge nudges him. "With the proper trainingâ€|you could be useful. But I want to get my revenge on the Berks."

He starts pacing back and forth, muttering to himself. I grin and look up at Skurge. "Do you think he'll let me stay?" I ask and flex my claws, "I want to be trained. I want to prove myself to Nate and Irria."

The older dragon nods, "I think he'll make an acception."

"But what if he wants to kill me?" I ask, not knowing what 'kill' means but knowing that it's bad.

"Then its up to you to escape. I can't help."

I stay quiet and turn back to Alvin, who has come to a stop in front of us. "Okay," he says gruffly, "this is what we'll do. We're going

to train you, and then you're going to help us get revenge on the Vikings of Berk another way. But, you need to prove yourself in a way other than clawing my arm. We'll have you do the murder test. If you succeed, then we'll do the plan. If not, well," he laughs, "I'll have your body anyways."

I grin and shuffle my paws excitedly. I don't know what murder means, but it kinda sounds like purrr. "This is awesome!" I say to Skurge, "I'm great at purring!"

He looks at me with wide white eyes, "It's not-"

"Well, let's get started shall we?" Alvin interrupts. We walk towards some sort of scoop in the ground a bit away. It's surrounded by a fence and pointy stuff. I tilt my head in curiosity as we get closer.

Skurge nudges me into the low ring through an entrance and then backs out of it. He and Alvin soon reappear behind the cage-like fence on top of the place. "This is an arena." Skurge says, "Your test will begin shortly."

I give a little bounce of excitement and start purring for practice. "I'm pretty good at this," I purr, "I'll be training in no time."

"No," he growls, "look kid, murder means to kill. This is a fight to the death, do you understand?" I say no, but from the way he's speaking, I can tell something bad is going to happen.

Before anything else can happen, a Monstrous Nightmare suddenly bursts into the arena. "Kill him!" I hear Skurge shrill.

I don't understand! What does kill mean? And what's death? My thoughts are interrupted when the Nightmare leaps at me. I only just dodge the attack. The dragon whips around and snarls at me. Why is he trying to kill me? My eyes widen in realization.

**\*\*Flashback\*\***

\_Mama picks Nate up by the scruff and carries him away from the gate. "You must never go out there, children." She says once she put him down. \_

"\_Why not?" Irria asks curiously. \_

"\_There are bad things out there. Things that would kill you without hesitation."\_

"Oh no." I mutter and dodge another attack. Death must mean to be not alive. He's trying to kill me! And I have to kill him! But I've never killed another dragon before! What do I do?

The Nightmare leaps at me and I dive underneath him so he crashes into the wall. This only makes him angrier.

He quickly recovers and sends a burst of flames in my direction. I scramble out of the way but my tail gets singed a little. Without thinking, I spring onto his head and claw his eyes. The dragon

screeches and throws me off.

I must've blinded him because he's now stumbling around. "Ahh, that was a good tactic!" Alvin yells. While he's confused, I try to figure out how to kill the Nightmare. Mama said that the thumping in my chest is my heart, and that everything needs one. But I don't think I can bite that deep.

Thinking as fast as I can, I start to panic a little when the Nightmare turns its head towards me. My head starts to spin and I realize that I'm holding my breath. Breathâ€|that's it!

The dragon fires at me and I duck. Crawling under the spraying flames, I stalk towards him and stop right under his chin. When the flames stop coming, he raises his head to sniff the air for me. Seizing the chance, I leap and sink my baby teeth into his throat.

I hear a screech of pain and then feel pain on my back as the Nightmare sends me soaring into the opposite wall. I cry in pain as I fall to the ground, dazed. He follows the sound of my voice and dives towards me. That's it. It's all over. He's going to kill me no matter what.

Time seems to slow down as he's in mid-leap. I look up at Skurge and Alvin, who are watching me intently. Then, I notice that I'm next to a patch of pointy rocks. I can't give up! Weather I like it or not, this is my home.

Time plays fast again and, thinking quickly, I grab one of the sharp rocks in my jaws. Squirming around, I move just enough that the dragon's face collides with the wall. Then, I jerk my head and stab the monster's throat with the stone.

I whimper as I feel one of my teeth break and taste blood. Using my paws, I push it in deeper. The Monstrous Nightmare screams and jolts in agony, then stops and goes limp.

His heavy head squashes me and I try to climb out from under him. Once I do, I spit out a tooth and look at my bloodstained paws. Then, I slowly turn my gaze to the dead Monstrous Nightmare, who now has a pool a blood surrounding him. A wave of nausea come over me and feel like I'm going to vomit. I'm sore all over, and my mouth is throbbing. "Good job, kid." I look up to see Skurge and Alvin walking to me.

"Ah ha, I knew this one would be good!" Alvin declares, "I'm going to call you Stoneblood." I tilt my head as he leads us out of the arena after calling somebody to 'clean up the mess'. Stoneblood?

Then, I remember the bloody stone next to my stained paws as I stood before the dead body. Skurge notices me acting all quiet and nudges me. "It didn't feel right." I reply without looking at him.

"Then imagine that he's one of your siblings that teased you a lot. You would prove to your other sibling that you are strong."

I huff, "Yeah."

They show me where I'm going to sleep, which is in a den carved out of a wall. As I settle down and Alvin leaves, Skurge asks, "What's

your name, kid?"

"Phoenix."

\*\*Sorry, that was a violent start. But it won't be like that until she grows up some more\*\*

## 2. Tough Love is the Only Way to Learn

\*\*Chapter Two\*\*

\*\*Tough Love is the Only Way to Learn\*\*

It's been about a week since I killed the dragon and I'm just getting the hang of living here. Skurge is really helpful, and most of the Outcasts are friendly enough. Today I'm going to really start training. I'm going to learn how to fly.

There's a good amount of young dragons that I can play with, I just haven't befriended any. But Skurge said that there's going to be about ten dragons my age in the lesson. So, at noon, he leads me over to where the class is going to be held.

It's on a large outcropping of rocks at the base of the mountain. When I get there, Skurge leaves me. I somewhat cautiously walk into a bowl-like cave with the sky as the roof.

It's a bit shadowy, which makes me stand out a lot. Suddenly, something hard crashes into me and pins me to the ground. I gasp and see a young Changewing. He's a fiery orange color with black tips. Also, he looks around my age, which is good. Instantly, I know he's not trying to hurt me. Growling playfully, I fling him off with my hind legs and swing around so I'm immediately on my feet.

The young dragon gets up and crouches excitedly. "That was cool!" he complements and I lift my chin proudly, "I'm Dracen, who are you?"

"Phoenix."

"Nice to meet you, Phoenix."

"Nice to meet you too, Dracen."

He smiles and then looks around the outcropping. "So," he says, "do you know where our teacher is?" I shake my head and ask, "I thought there would be more of us. Skurge said that there would be, like, ten students."

Dracen looks at me with wide eyes, "You're Skurge's new apprentice?" I tilt my head and shrug. "So you're the one that he found? You're the one that \_killed a Monstrous Nightmare all by yourself?\_" Hmm, word spreads fast here.

"I guess," I say, shrugging, "Why?"

"That was a brilliant technique!" he yelps, bouncing a bit, "Skurge told everyone about it! You're going to be one of the best fighters ever, especially with him as your mentor! Most of us have our parents

guide us around, but \_you've got the chief dragon!\_"

I laugh and lick my chest in embarrassment. We continue talking for a while and quickly become friends. A few more dragons arrive as well, and soon, an adult female Deadly Nadder calls for attention.

We all turn towards her. She is perched on a tall, pointy boulder and I can't help but admire her perfectly preened wings and bright, vibrant colors. "I am Miss Sky, your flight teacher. Now to begin today's lesson, I would like you to each stand on a boulder like mine."

I soon find a tall, pointy boulder like hers but a bit shorter. Climbing up onto it, I turn around and await the next direction. Dracen is a couple of rocks away from me. There's a small dragon that looks like, from what Skurge told me, a Smothering Smokebreath. She's ashen gray, which fades into black on her forehead, nose, paws, and jet-black rings around her eyes, which are amber. Also, she has, almost unnatural looking, long wings and a tail.

"Attention!" My head snaps around as Miss Sky speaks, "You are going to spread out your wings and flap as hard as you can. The one that gets the highest wins."

"Excuse me," All heads turn towards a young Monstrous Nightmare, "but some of us are only two weeks old. We can't possibl-

"EXCUSES!" We all jump as Miss Sky shrieks, "I learned to fly when I was two weeks old. If I could do it, you can!" The Nightmare shrinks back a little and remains quiet.

The teacher gathers herself and returns to her normal proper tone, "Now then. Let's begin."

The students stare at her blankly. "Well?" she growls and it clicks for us.

I immediately spread out my wings and flap as hard as I can. They begin to get tired as soon as I'm two feet above the ground. We can't do this! We're too young! We haven't built the muscle to fly.

The sound of soft laughter reaches my ears and I look to see the Smokebreath gazing at me with a challenging glare. She's already a few feet above me. Growling, I flap even harder and reach the smaller dragon's height. "Higher!" Miss Sky commands. After a couple of minutes, a few students collapse. But the Smokebreath and I are still trying to get higher. My wings ache and my muscles are screaming for me to stop, but determination keeps me in the air.

Ten feetâ€|twelveâ€|fifteen.

"Wonderful!" The adult Nadder flies in front of us, "Higher! Higher!" I notice how her wing tips almost meet with every stroke and do the same. The other dragons grow smaller and I realize that I'm flying really high.

The Smokebreath snarls in annoyance, but she's starting to look a little pale. Next thing I know, she plummeting towards the ground.

I watch as Miss Sky rolls her eyes and dives after her. She catches

the grey dragon in her talons and sets her down on the ground. Landing comes as an instinct to me, and soon, I'm back on my rock, panting.

"Nice try." The teacher cuffs the Smokebreath's head and stalks back to her perch. The gray drops her head and I feel a little pity for her. I sigh and hop down to the smaller dragon. "That was good." I say dryly. I don't know why, but it's a bit difficult to complement her. She wasn't exactly nice at first.

She scoffs and climbs back onto her boulder, "Yeah right. How'd you get so high?"

"I saw how Miss Sky flapped her wings and did the same," I mutter as the vibrant Nadder continues with her class, "Her wing tips nearly collided but didn't."

"Hmph," the grey dragon huffs, "You're clever. I'm Ash, by the way." I laugh and look at her up and down, "I can see why. I'm Phoenix."

She's about to say something else, but Miss Sky calls us out for talking. Inwardly giggling, I stay quiet and focus on the class. "As I was saying before that rude interruption," she glares at Ash and I. Hey it was your choice to stop the lesson.

"you're probably wondering why I didn't have you practice flying in any other way. Yes, I know it was hard and outright, but the Outcasts believe that tough love is the only way to learn. You can't just do it the easy way when someday flying will save your life. You will thank me eventually, because most of you will become strong fliers." She looks at me, Ash, and some of the others that did pretty well.

"Those that are not going to become great fliers will do well on the ground." She looks at those who fell first.

"Once you all are strong enough and have achieved flying without passing out, we'll start practicing flying with something in your paws. When you achieve that, which takes the longest to learn, you will nearly be teenagers, but not quite yet. When I feel you are ready, I'll take you into a storm, where you'll learn to really fly."

My classmates gasp, some in excitement, others not. I shuffle my paws and ruffle my wings. I can't wait to fly in a storm! It will be so cool!

Dracen catches my eye and I can see he's excited too. Turning to Ash, I can see the same expression on her. I guess I can count her as a friend.

Miss Sky dismisses the class and Dracen races to my side. "Can you believe we're going to fly into a storm?" he exclaims, "I can't wait!" I agree and notice Ash walk on my other side. "I bet she's preparing us to carry something in our paws first in case one of us falls."

I nod, "Yeah. When she went to catch you she rolled her eyes. It was like she wasn't worried at all, just annoyed." The grey and black

dragon huffs again, this time puffing out a bit of smoke. Then, she perks up and asks, "So, what's your specialty?"

I tilt my head, "Specialty?"

"Yeah," Dracen says, "Every species has one. I can blend into almost anything and I can hypnotize. Well, I'm learning to anyways." Huh. I didn't know that about Changewings.

Ash speaks, "And Smothering Smokebreaths pump out smoke from their skin and mouths to hide them or confuse bigger dragons. Not to mention we have a wicked bite." She clicks her teeth and gives a toothy smile. Dracen and I laugh. Hmm, what is my specialty? "Well, I guess I have that plasma blast thingy." I say, shrugging, "Andâ€|that stealth stuff."

Dracen raises an eyebrow (I don't care if dragons don't have eyebrows, you get the point!) and says skeptically, "That stealth stuff? Really?"

"I don't know!" I groan, annoyed. He and Ash laugh. We continue walking down to the village when Skurge suddenly appears in front of me. Dracen lets out a small gasp and he and Ash straighten up, trying to look as formal as possible. I give them a weird glance and look up at the 'chief dragon'.

He doesn't pay any mind to the other young dragons and asks me, "How was your class?"

"Good, but tiring." I reply, "Miss Sky made us fly straight up into the air without teaching us much. She only told us to flap our wings and then left us to figure it out by ourselves."

He shifts a bit and says, "I've heard. She said you flew the highest and lasted the longest. I'm impressed; and I see that you've made some friends." He looks at Dracen and Ash, who seem to burst with pride as being addressed.

"How 'bout you guys go find your parents? I need to have a word with Phoenix." They look a little disappointed, but don't dare disobey him and shamle away. I call out, "Bye!" and look back at Skurge. What does he want to talk about? I hope I didn't do anything wrong. He leads me away with a sweep of his spike-covered tail. Hehe, if I did something wrongâ€|I'd be dead.

My mentor leads me to where I sleep and I give him a confused look. He ignores it and says, "I'm going to train you along with your teachers. Now that doesn't mean I'm going to be at your classes, but I'm going to give you classes whenever we have time. Now before you ask why," he raises his tail for silence and I close my mouth, "I just want to make you the bestâ€|soldier there is. Remember the deal we made; I train you to help us get our vengeance on Berk, and you live here. But I think you're comfortable with that already."

He gives me a stony look and I hesitate. Then, I ask, "But won't the teachers notice that I'm getting unusually better? And won't it be a bit unfair for the other students?"

He pauses for a moment, then says, "You know what, kid? Life isn't fair. A lot of dragons here have learned that the hard way." I'm



slightly taken aback by his answer, but he continues, "And I'll leave most of the training that they're teaching to them. I'm going to teach you other thingsâ€|."

I'm a bitâ€| nervous about what the 'other things' are. However, Skurge speaks before I can say or ask anything, "We start tomorrow. See you later. I'll bring you back something to eat after today's hunt."

With that, he slithers away, leaving me gazing after him.

**\*\*Like the friends I made for Phoenix? R&R (I don't understand why it's rate and review. Read and review makes much more sense).\*\***

**\*\*And my reply to The Flame's (previously known as Guest) review: um... \*troll face\* is a facial expression. That \_I\_ was wearing. You've probably seen it before, look it up on google images \*\***

### 3. The New Member

**\*\*In my story, dragons become adults quicker than humans.\*\***

**\*\*Age 2½: teen\*\***

**\*\*Age 5-6: young adult\*\***

**\*\*Age 7: mature adult, which lasts tillâ€|however long it lasts.\*\***

### Chapter Three

#### The New Member

I try to calm my racing heart as I slowly stalk a boar. One paw step after the other; I'm almost quivering with excitement. But determination keeps me still.

It hasn't noticed me yet, and hopefully it never will. I carefully place a paw on a moldy leaf, so it doesn't make a lot of noise.

Finally, I'm close enough. Narrowing my eyes, I bunch up my hind legs and spring. Landing squarely on the beast's back, I quickly raise my right paw and kill it with a blow to the neck before it can squeal.

Jumping off, I gaze at my prey in pride as I stand in the misty forest. A small trickle of blood leaks onto the cold earth from the gash on the boar's neck. It's a good-sized meal; feed the younger ones for a couple of days, it would.

It's been almost a year since I started training with Skurge, and I've gotten a lot bigger. We can't train every day, so we went for once a week. With all the classes and extra training with my mentor, I'm one of the most skillful students- if I do say so myself. I can fly now, as well as my classmates, and, as promised, Miss Sky is teaching us to fly with stuff in our paws. So is Skurge. Also, Dracen, Ash and I, along with some other students, have started Fight

training now that we're old enough. It is taught by two dragons: a male Monstrous Nightmare named Fiery, and a female Smothering Smokebreath named Mrs. Storm. I don't understand why Fiery prefers us not to call him Mister, but I don't question.

The new (new to me) students in the Fight class are decent. I usually hang out with Dracen and Ash most of the time. Though there is this one Timberjack that looks like he's got the stuff to join our trio.

Hahaha, we've become a fairly popular group in the young dragon world. Maybe I'll invite him. He can certainly fight well, and no doubt, with his huge wings, he's a good flier. His wings are their natural orange color, but his snake-like body is a foresty shade of green.

Thenâ€|there's the whole, 'becoming a teenager' thing. Of course, I'm not that close to becoming one, but my body's changed a bit. For one thing, I've gotten all of my muscles and Skurge seems like he's trying to whip every one up into shape. I've gotten my adult claws, as do the rest of the dragons my age. Skurge is making sure I keep them needle-sharp. I don't know why he's soâ€|desperate to make me the best I can be. I know that he's very devoted to ourâ€| agreement but is this all really necessary? The strangest thing, however, is my right paw. In the past few months, it has turned a fiery crimson color. It's so weird, and Ash has mentioned it once. Skurge seems to find it amusing, and when I see that look, I usually roll my eyes.

Speaking of Skurge, I watch as the devil himself slithers towards me, the fog tumbling off of his snake-like body as he gets closer.

"Congratulations." He rumbles, "That's a sizable boar. You've done well, but I'm not completely impressed. The size will slow you down; let's see you fly this back to the village."

"I want to bring it to Zelda and her new litter."

My mentor narrows his eyes, "Why? It's not our problem that she's too busy to hunt and her mate is no use at all."

"Yes," I smirk, "but what are we without new hatchlings that will grow into strong, fine dragons? We wouldn't be able to get our revenge on Berk." There it is. I've hit his weak spot. He scowls and flicks his tail.

I huff and try to figure out where to grip the beast. Zelda, actually, is Dracen's aunt. Her eggs hatched a few weeks ago, and she's got her paws full with six energetic hatchlings. Finally, I decide to sink my claws into the soft flesh beneath the shoulder blade and use my other paw to scoop up the boar's rear.

Spreading my wings, I take off out into the dusk sky. It slips a little, but I quickly catch it. I've become especially good at flying, but I know I won't be considered an expert until Miss Sky takes us into a storm. She's still convinced that we aren't quite ready and keeps adding weight to the load that we practice with. This boar, compared to what we carry, is nothing.

My colored wing tips and marks on my white body turn as blood red as the dusk sky as I fly. Looking around, I see one of Zelda's young wrestling with his sibling. Soon, their mother comes out of a large hollow in the ground and the other hatchlings pour out after her. Laughing a little, I dive down and land gracefully.

Zelda looks up and I nudge the meat towards her. She brings her kids along with her as she walks towards me. "Thank you." she murmurs as she sniffs the prey. One of the hatchlings starts biting at its soft underbelly. Soon, he's joined by her other siblings and her mother, who only takes a couple of bites.

Then, she licks her chops and gazes at me gratefully. "Thank you." she says again, "If my mate comes back from his hunt soon with prey to spare, we will give some to you. Why did you give us this?"

"We need young dragons to survive," I reply, "It's the only way the dragon species will thrive. And, I don't know if you've heard, but we're preparing for an attack on Berk. It might not be for a while, but the Outcasts would want them to be ready."

She looks a bit uneasy at the thought of her kids fighting, but just then, Dracen and his family come. While the adults talk and the younger dragons play, Dracen trots up to me. He's slightly bigger than me, and his scales are as orange as ever.

"What's up, Phoenix?" he barks happily, "Nice catch, by the way."

"Thanks."

"Have you seen Ash around?" I blink. Where is she? Shaking my head, I say, "No. Did something happen?"

"I don't know. I just haven't seen her since yesterday during Flight class." I shrug and say, "She's probably just busy. Anyways, what do you think about the Fight class?" As a matter of fact, we've only gone to a couple of lessons. They seem to go by quicker than the Flight lessons.

Dracen shrugs, "It's pretty cool, I guess. I'm more into flying, though."

I nod and stretch on my forepaws, curving my back. We watch the adult Changewings for a few moments, and then decide to go for a fly. They don't object and we take flight. The darkening sky doesn't affect our eyesight, or at least mine since I was born in the Dark Cave.

"So, you know that Timberjack in our Fight class?" I say as we fly. Dracen nods and I continue, "Well, I think he seems pretty cool. Like, maybe we can invite him to join our group. I haven't seen him fight yet, since not a lot of us have had the chance, but I thinkâ€¦ okay this is going to sound kind of weird but I think he'll beâ€¦ useful to us."

The young male looks at me with a cocked eyebrow, "Useful to us? What, are we going to take over the world or something?" I snort and shake my head, "Of course not. You know what I mean!"

He laughs and says, "Well, I haven't really talked to him before but

if you want him to be our friend, go ahead. He seems decent, but then again, I've never met him."

Jerking my head, I spot a certain Smothering Smokebreath on top of a roof. Diving down, I land and ask, "Hey, Ash, where've you been?"

The smaller dragon jumps a bit in surprise and turns towards us. "What do you mean?" she asks. Dracen lands beside me and says, "We- I haven't seen you since yesterday morning."

"Oh right," Ash shifts her paws, "wellâ€¦its just family stuff. My parents have been teaching me how \_'real Smokebreaths hunt'\_. " Yeah, at this point in life, parents usually teach their young how to hunt. But since I don't have my parents with me- I suppress a growl- Skurge is the one teaching me.

Dracen snorts and leads us to the ground, "Well if that's all, then you could've asked me to hypnotize them into teaching you the normal way." By the way, Dracen has mastered the art of hypnotism. Can't exactly say that's a good or bad thing.

"Oh yeah."

I perk up and start to tell her about my idea of the Timberjack. She remains emotionless as I speak, but I ignore it. When I'm done, she shrugs, "I guess so. Sawyer seems pretty cool. Why not?"

The Timberjack's name must be Sawyer. I guess that makes sense, since Timberjacks have wings that can cut down trees and his name sounds like saw er andâ€¦yeah.

"Then it's decided?" They both nod and I fly off in search of food for myself.

\* \* \*

><p>Raven's POV<p>

I watch from atop the branches of a fir tree as Nate stalks a young doe. He's trying as best as he can, but I can still see many flaws that he's making. His tail is waving from side to side, and he's crouching too low.

There's the sound of a snapping twig, and I wince as the deer lifts its head. Nate lets out a roar and pounces, but the already tense deer sprints away. He tries to run after it, but soon gives up and I jump down from the tree.

"Stupid deer!" my son snarls as he saunters over to me, "Why can't I get this right?"

"Practice, Nate. It takes practice and patience."

Nate sighs and suddenly Irria comes crashing through the undergrowth, a squirrel in her jaws.

"Haha!" she drops the prey, "This one almost got away, but I chased it up the tree and caught it!"

I purr, "Well done!"

"Aww, come on!" Nate growls, "What am I doing wrong?"

"Your tail was waving, and you were crouching so low you couldn't leap properly. Also, you need to practice evening the weight you put on each paw and navigating your way through the undergrowth."

He sighs in annoyance and I nuzzle him. "Let's just practice fishing." I say and he nods.

I pick up the squirrel and nudge the two young dragons into the sky. They're still clumsy when they fly, and can't carry their prey in the sky for very long, but they're still learning.

Before we go to the fishing river, I fly into the village to drop off the rodent. Irria and Nate follow me. "That looks good."

I turn around to see Toothless watching us. "Irria caught it all by herself." I say and Irria beams.

"Really?" her father exclaims, "Good job."

"We were just going to go fishing." Nate says, not wanting his sister to have all the attention.

"Right." Irria says before suddenly taking off into the sky, "Race ya there!"

"Hey not fair!" her brother calls after her, "You got a head start!"

Purring, I nuzzle Toothless as we watch our two kids play in the sky. Occasionally, one would falter in the air, but then the other would help them up. I smile, glad at how they're growing up. Then I sigh. It would've been so hard for Phoenix to grow up with them. To fly and fight as well as them, with her small size.

She wouldn't have made it.

\* \* \*

><p>Phoenix's POV<p>

"Attention!" I pull my paw back as I try to take a step towards Sawyer. Everybody gathers around Fiery and Mrs. Storm as they call the class to start. Growling a bit in frustration, I glance at the young Timberjack, who is joining the rest of the class, and stalk back towards Ash.

She turns to look at me with her amber eyes, which look even brighter with the black rings around her eyes, as I hiss, "Is it possible to actually get to him?"

It's late afternoon and we're in Fight training. It is held on a series of large, flat rocks that are somewhat smooth. Sawyer is either near the teachers or talking to another dragon, which is why it's kinda hard to get to him. I don't want somebody to hear us and then have him or her beg to join.

Ash snorts, which earns both of us a glare from Fiery. "Today, class, you are going to pair up and practice the moves we've taught you." Mrs. Storm gazes at us, "Don't pair up with your friends; I want smaller dragons against smaller, and bigger with bigger."

As the students break up into pairs, Fiery adds hastily, "And sheathed claws, please." I look at Ash and she shrugs. I'm obviously bigger than her so we can't pair up. "Hey, why don't you pair up with Sawyer?" she suggests and points towards him with her nose. I wink and bound towards him.

The young male turns towards me and I slow down. "Hi!" I say cheerfully, "I'm Phoenix. Want to pair up?"

He looks surprised, but then says, "Sure, but I've gotta warn you, it might not be a fair fight. I mean, a little female Night Fury like you against a macho male Timberjack like me-" I laugh and interrupt him, "You have no idea what I'm capable of."

I playfully bow and wiggle my haunches, ready to fight. "Alright then." He says, "I'm Sawyer, by the way."

Before we start, Mrs. Storm and Fiery demonstrate. I expected Mrs. Storm to lose because of her size, but she actually does pretty well and comes out on top. Meanwhile, I notice that Ash has paired up with a Terrible Terror. She catches my eye and gives me a 'seriously' look. I laugh, knowing that she's more than capable of dealing with a Terror.

Dracen is paired up with a Hideous Zippleback. Why he would want to deal with two heads, I don't know.

Once the demonstration is over, the paired up students start dueling. I dodge as Sawyer attempts to pin me with his snake-like body. Seriously, he's like a giant snake with wings.

I duck under one of his wings and grab his tail in my jaws without drawing blood. He yelps and I let go, leaping onto his back. He staggers a little under my weight but then tries to poke me with his horns. I cling onto his back as he jerks his head in frustration, his knees starting to give out. Meanwhile, I can't help but notice how much bigger he is than me. He's nearly three times my size! I bet a look like an overly large rabbit hanging onto his back.

Finally, he manages to fling me off and while I'm getting up, he leaps at me and swings his razor-sharp wing fronts at me. I bend backwards and it barely misses my nose.

Once his entire wing passes over my head, I flip forwards and, as he turns back towards me, I leap at him. My head crashes into his belly and knocks him off his feet and knocks the air out of him. He falls onto his back and I spring onto his belly, successfully pinning him.

Sawyer gasps in surprise and I purr. Bending my forearms onto his chest, curving my back, and tail curled, I purr, "Who's the macho one now, hm?"

\*\*Eh, I felt like making the group bigger. After all, she's going to need as many dragons as she can get for what's coming... \*evil

grin\*\*\*

#### 4. The Storm

##### Chapter Four

##### The Storm

I watch as the other students continue fighting. Honestly, I thought it would take longer to defeat Sawyer. But here I am, sitting on his chest while he flails his large wings.

"Okay." He pants, "I stand corrected. Or I would if I were actually standing!" I laugh and say, "You can't stand!"

At his surprised, and slightly worried, look I laugh even more and say, "You have no legs. Only your wing claws and body." He looks thoroughly relieved and I continue, "But if you mean that you want me to get offâ€|"

I leap off and help him up. "You're a pretty good fighter," Sawyer says, "for a dragon your size." I roll my eyes, trying to suppress my anger at being teased once again for my size. But, I try to take it as a complement and nudge him playfully, "Thank you."

The young Timberjack jerks his head in a sort of 'you're welcome' way. "Anyways," I decide to ask him the question, "you know how me, Ash, and Dracen are our own little group, right?"

"Yeah, the Trio," he nods, "I've heard of you guys." I had no idea we were called the Trio, but ignore it and continue, "Well, we were wondering if you wanted to join our gang." He stares at me and I stand my ground. Confidenceâ€| you are the leaderâ€|no weakness.

Then, he shrugs and says, "Sure. Why do you want me, though?"

"Well, I just thought you seemed pretty cool and you're a good fighter and flier so I thought, why not?"

Sawyer makes a rumbling noise and turns to observe the other dragons wrestle. I watch as Dracen gets tangled in the Zippleback's necks. Meanwhile, Ash is basically laying down on the poor Terrible Terror. Every now and then she would even yawn, as if bored, which she probably is.

I shake my head. Finally, Mrs. Storm calls for us to stop tussling. Everybody stops, panting heavily.

"That was great!" Fiery says, "I saw a lot of you use the moves we taught you. But others went and did their own thing." He turns to look at me and some others. "Good job, guys!"

I purr at the praise and then a few minutes later he dismisses us. Ash and Dracen bound towards Sawyer and I, Dracen looking a little grumpy. "Well, that was embarrassing." He grumbles.

I grin, and then say, "It's okay if fighting isn't your thing. You could be a great flyer."

"I'm a definite fighter." Ash comments and I agree with her. Sawyer speaks up, "I'm a mix of both. By the way, my name is Sawyer. Thanks for inviting me to join your group."

"No problem." I say, "Do you have Flight class?"

He nods, "Yeah, but I'm a bit older than you so I'm not in your class. The Storm is next week, and Miss Sky is going to combine three classes together. Maybe we'll see each other then."

Dracen narrows his eyes and tilts his head, "So soon? But we're not even teenagers yet!"

"Almost." Sawyer shrugs, "I asked her about it and she said that by the time we are teenagers it won't be storm season so we're going early."

I sigh, "Well, it's almost night. You guys keep talking; I gotta get back to Skurge." They say good-bye to me and I turn around and take off into the sky.

The sun is almost down and the stars are starting to come out. It's a beautiful scene- that I don't have time to enjoy. "Hey, Skurge!" I call down to the dark dragon below me, who is barking orders to other dragons along with Alvin.

I dive down and land next to him. Alvin glances over his shoulder, "Hey, Stoneblood," before going back to yelling at Savage. I walk next to Skurge.

"Just put yourself to use and make sure that these pathetic excuses for dragons don't starve!" he snarls at a Gronkle, who casts him a fearful look before fleeing. What a joy my mentor is. Hahaha!

He turns around and his gaze softens when he sees me. "Ahh, Phoenix, good. I wanted to talk to you. Let's go for a fly."

I look at him in confusion and spread my wings, ready to take flight. He barks one last order to a dragon before nodding to me and we fly. We fly above the village and then slow down as we near the forest.

"So," my mentor begins, "I've been noticing that you're growing up fairly quickly."

I nod and wait for him to continue. "And I've been thinking that, after you go through the Storm and have excelled in fighting, which I know you will, you could become my deputy."

I stare at him in shock, but my heart speeds up in excitement, "Deputy?"

"My second-in-command. You know, ordering the dragons. Just to give you a little more power. And it'll be great in the Berk battle."

I nod and say, "Of course. I would be honored."

Skurge jerks his head, "Good. Now go catch yourself some dinner and rest up." He angles his wings and turns around in a large arc, and



for a moment I idly wonder how a dragon with such small wings could fly so well.

Then, I tuck my wings in and dive into the forest. Just before I hit the ground I open them up again and zoom upward in a big whoosh. The leaves whirl around in a circle before settling down. I flap my wings and then stop, flying silently through the woods and angling my head towards the sounds of prey.

My heart is filled with pride as I fly. It stays there the whole time, and starts to overwhelm me as I sink my claws into a stag.

This is so great! I'm a great hunter, I'm a great fighter, and now I'm going to be a great leader! Now I can see how Skurge wants me to be the best dragon there is. I'll make everything better, and easier, and when the battle for Berk comes we will win.

And then when Skurge is gone, I'll rule the dragons of Outcast Island. I'll have enough power to do anything. Free to do it all my way!

I shake my head and pick up the dead prey. I shouldn't get ahead of myself. That's not going to be for a long time. I'll be even bigger then, and stronger too. And that's good, maybe even better. But I'll just have to wait.

\* \* \*

><p>I screech in surprise as a gush of wind and rain tosses me to the side. It howls in my ears like a wolf and a bear mixed together. My wings hurt so badly, it feels like they're about to be ripped off.<p>

"Straighten you wings!" I hear Miss Sky shriek over the wind, "Don't fight the Storm, go with it! Find your way through its currents!"

Through all rain and dark clouds, I can barely make out the other classmates around me. Sawyer is a bit away from me, and he looks like he's doing okay. Swinging my head around, I see Ash flapping her wings frantically. Meanwhile, Dracen is looping through updrafts and thermals, looking like this was the easiest thing he'd done in his life.

"Why can't this be easy for me, too?" I mutter to myself. Obeying Miss Sky's orders, I straighten my sore wings and look around for an air current.

Suddenly, lightning strikes. As the night lights up for a split second, I see an area in the wind and rain where it's moving in a rhythm, more peacefully.

Flapping my wings, I enter the area and find that it's much easier to fly in. But the current soon breaks and I quickly find another. It's a lot simpler now; just loop into a current and before it breaks, find another. It's easy to find another draft once you're in one.

As I do this, I watch the other dragons. A couple of them have already dropped from the sky in exhaustion, including Ash, and are

being carried by another dragon.

I laugh quietly. Deputyship, here I come. My muscles feel strong under my scales, thanks to Skurge's training. Fighting should come easily to me. My claws already have a deadly point. Berk will fall under my rule and the Outcasts shall thrive-

A sudden shriek interrupts my thoughts. A young Deadly Nadder is tumbling out of the sky, falling quickly. I roll my eyes, but no one seems to be getting her.

Sawyer glances at me and dives down after her, "Don't worry, I've got her- omph!" A Monstrous Nightmare, spinning out of control, rams into him. They both drop a few feet, but Sawyer quickly regains flight and uses his snake-like body to grab the dragon.

"Phoenix!" he shrieks and it takes me a second to realize that the Nadder is still falling. Immediately, I flatten my wings to my side and dive down. I plunge through black clouds, looking around frantically for my fallen classmate.

I break through the lowest layer of cloud and am able to see the ocean below me. The light blue dragon is barely seeable against the ocean, but I can hear her calls.

I spot her and dive again. My heart is beating quickly. She's really close to the ocean. If she falls in, the rough waves will drown her.

The Nadder catches my eye and shrieks, "Help me, Phoenix!" I make myself as small as possible, trying to dive as quickly as I can, but I can tell it's too late.

With a lump in my throat, I desperately reach my arm down and yell, "Grab my paw!"

She flails her limbs about, and then crashes into the ocean. I spread my wings and surge upwards so I don't share the same fate. Once I'm high enough, I turn around and look back down.

A light blue head surfaces, and hope rises within me. The Deadly Nadder lashes her head this way and that, and for a moment her gaze locks with mine. It looks pained and sorrowful. Then, a huge, almost black, wave rises and crashes down on her.

I gulp and fly upward, back towards the class. The strength of the hurricane doesn't bother me; I'm so shocked that I can barely feel a thing. I failed. Someone died. Someone that could've been a great warrior and hunter one day.

The first thing I see is Miss Sky. The class is behind her, watching me intently.

"Well?" the teacher snaps, "Where is the pathetic flier?"

"She's dead." I swallow hard. Skurge is going to kill me.

\* \* \*

><p>I stand, completely soaked, in front of my mentor, who is totally

pissed off.<p>

"What the heck, Phoenix? Has my training meant nothing to you? You completely wasted a good soldier! She could've meant the difference between victory and defeat in the Berk battle! Every warrior counts! I can't believe you did this!"

He continues ranting for a long time, and I lose attention, but when I think he's near the end I listen, "You're a pretty pathetic dragon if you can't catch a fallen comrade! And my deputy is not going to be a pathetic dragon like you- you stupid little \_runt\_!"

Something clicks inside of me and my pupils turn to slits. Before I realize it, I lash out at Skurge, my claws hooked and deadly.

**\*\*Her first hint of power, gone. But that doesn't give Skurge the right to yell at her. I felt like adding that stuff in the Storm, so if you're not happy about what happened... idk I guess you can review about it but I don't see the point cuz I'm not changing it.\*\***

**\*\*The next chapter might have a POV from Berk... let me check... ooh yeah and Skurge's POV too! Later's\*\***

## 5. Cold Hearts and Stupid Plans

### Chapter Five

#### Cold Hearts and Stupid Plans

A few years later

Skurge's POV

Something changed within Phoenix after that day. I noticed that immediately. She didn't laugh as much as she used to, but she still has her friends. In fact, I've seen her with a lot of dragons lately. They seem to admire her power. I'm not surprised- she's turned out to be quite the dragon.

The young adult is now huge. She ate a lot after our fight and exercised. Now, big, hard muscles ripple under her hide as she moves. Her markings are blood red and stand out against her white scales. And her claws are crazily long, and needle sharp.

I wince, remembering what happened when I yelled at her after the Storm. The long scars on my face remain as a reminder of when she raked those weapons down my face. Nearly took out my eye, she did.

The apprentice has also become an expert flier and fighter. She's now the teacher for the expert Fight class. Not to mention, she's also my deputy.

Yes, I do remember saying that she wouldn't be after the Storm, but she's improved so much, there's no one better for the job. I could tell she was happy when I gave her the position, even with all the changes she's gone through. But the most noticeable is her personality.

After the Storm, after I called her a runt, it was like she hardened on the inside. As if her heart grew cold. Her eyes are always slits, and to those who meet her for the first time, it looks like she's going to kill them at any moment. But I'm not about to complain- those features make the best soldiers.

"Skurge!" I jerk out of my thoughts and look at my rider and superior, Alvin. "Come, we're going to announce a clan meeting in the Hall." He barks at me and I obediently follow.

I knew this day was going to come soon. He's going to announce the attack on Berk. Grinning, I let out a loud roar as Alvin yells at Savage to gather everyone, telling all the dragons to come.

As the people gather at the steps of the rugged hall, the shadowy figures of approaching dragons fills the sky. I laugh quietly. Berk's dragons don't have the Outcast features that make the best soldiers.

Not even close to these monsters.

FC FCFC

Phoenix's POV

I stalk around the edges of the Fight class rock, circling my students. They're all wrestling and fighting, using the moves I'd taught them. Unlike my fight teachers, I let some of the smaller dragons pair up with bigger ones. It makes the smaller ones stronger, and they'll be used to fighting dragons twice their size.

Unfortunately, not all of these young dragons are good at fighting. I usually don't bother helping them and pay attention to the good ones. They can't learn how to fight; it just comes to you naturally. I'm just making those that it has come to naturally practice, and I teach them new moves.

I pause and crouch down near a young male Grapple Grounder who is fighting a Snaptrapper. This one's my favorite. They're both strange and slightly rare species, especially the Grounder, but they fight like born warriors.

The Grapple Grounder's name is Whiplash. He's the best fighter in the class, if you ask me. Every student in my class is a teenager, but they haven't gone into the Storm yet. Doesn't really matter to me, though.

I watch as Whiplash dodges each of the Snaptrapper's head's snaps and lands perfectly aimed blows at the necks. If he'd had his claws unsheathed, the four-headed dragon would be dead. He leaps to the side as all of the heads move in for one attack and pins his opponent down.

Then, using his tail, he pulls the necks together into one bunch and slides his tail up directly beneath their heads. "Yield!" he growls, his voice rough and unkind. The Snaptrapper growls and Whiplash tightens his grip. "Yield!" he snarls, baring his teeth. His rival struggles for a moment, then goes limp and sighs, "Fine, you

win."

Whiplash lets him go and he leaps to his feet. Purring, I step out of the shadows and sashay towards them. "Well done, Whiplash!" I praise the student and he beams, "I liked your technique."

Turning towards the Snaptrapper, who's four-heads are hanging, I say, "You were pretty good yourself, but you shouldn't have given in so easily. Next time, pretend you're beaten, and then when your enemy relaxes a bit, spring up and flip him over!"

He nods and I look at the two students. "You can go take a break, but-

A loud screech of shock interrupts me my head snaps towards the source of the noise. When I see it's two of the students that aren't really good at fighting (the Lesser students, as I call them) I roll my eyes and grudgingly walk over to them.

"Alright, what happened?" I ask, irritably. The two pupils, a Gronckle and a Zippleback, turn to look at me and I see a flicker of fear in their eyes.

"He scratched me with his claws out!" the Zippleback complains. The Gronckle looks at her with dull eyes and rumbles lazily, "It was an accident, okay? You don't need to be a hatchling about it and call the teacher!"

She glares at him with four eyes and moves her heads away from each other, revealing a long scratch in between the necks. I barely glance at it and instead tower over her and shove my muzzle next to hers.

"When you're in a fight for your life," I whisper, "are you going to complain about every little scratch you get?" the young female looks at me with wide, fearful eyes and opens her mouths to say something, but nothing comes out. I growl, "If you're not here to learn how to fight, get out! I don't need another useless hatchling to waste my time on. But don't expect me to come racing to your side if you ever get in a real fight. And trust me, you will."

I whirl around and walk into the middle of the fighting circle. Everybody has stopped and is staring at me, occasionally glancing at the young Zippleback, who is shaking with fear.

Ignoring her, I yowl, "Alright, everyone. Most of you did well. Let's move on to Sky Battle. Everybody get a new partner and choose a spot." As everyone moves to find a new partner, I hiss, "And please don't come crying to me if you get a scratch or a scrape. Just suck it up and-

Once again, I'm interrupted, but this time, by a faint roar. Instantly, I recognize that it's Skurge's and lift my wings, "Class dismissed. Time to go to the Hall."

I launch myself into the dusk sky, soon followed by my pupils. The Hall is a bit far away from the Fighting area where the class takes place, so that's why Skurge's roar was faint.

As we fly, we pass by the outcropping of rock where the Flight class

is. Already, the dragons in the class are flying towards the center of the village. I weave through the throng, looking for Dracen. Since Miss Sky retired, Dracen is the Flight teacher. Occasionally, Ash helps, but Sawyer is a hunter.

Spotting the Changewing, I angle my wings, slicing through the crowd towards him. The dragons typically move away when I'm trying to get somewhere, so it isn't very hard to reach him.

"Hey, Dracen." I greet him and he nods, "Hi, Phoenix. I was just having a great class, but then all this happened. What do you think this is all about?"

"I have a suspicion, and I hope I'm right." I answer before diving through the crowd, down towards the Hall where everyone is gathering outside.

Skurge, who is on the steps next to Alvin, stares at me and I carve through the sky before landing next to him. Savage is next to Alvin, and the other dragons and Outcasts are waiting at the base of the steps, looking at us anxiously.

"Is everyone here?" Savage yells above the mass. Instead of yelling out, I merely look around with sharp eyes, marking off every dragon in my head. Sawyer catches my eye and nods.

Turning to Skurge, I rumble, "Everyone is accounted for." He nods, "Good," and nudges his rider. Alvin looks at him, and then raises his hand for silence. "Let's go inside." He growls to the Outcasts, "We have much to discuss."

Everybody walks into the hall and files around a large, round, stone table in the middle of the room. I order the all the dragons to stand behind the Outcasts before taking my place next to Skurge and Alvin.

"The future of the Outcasts will be glorious. We will thrive, and we will have power! Because the time has come," Alvin pauses and everybody holds his or her breath, "to launch an attack on Berk."

Everybody erupts into cheers and I smirk. I knew it. Alvin continues, "We and our dragons have trained for years, waiting for this day. I believe that we are ready now. The dragons are deadly weapons at our command. With them, the most dangerous warriors, and a perfect plan, we will succeed."

"We all know that Stoneblood is related to the Night Fury family of Berk." I flatten my ears and hiss, "But they don't know that she is alive. When they find out, they'll be shocked and that is when we will overthrow them!"

One of the best Outcast soldiers and the battle teacher raises his hand. Alvin looks at him and nods.

"We mustn't be too confident," he says, "Though they aren't as strong or ferocious as us, the Vikings are still very clever and have battle armor. We're going to need to plan carefully if we are to succeed."

The Outcasts mutter in agreement and Alvin seems to consider this. "Alright," he finally says, "We'll spend time planning today and tomorrow, but no longer than that."

The soldier nods and takes a step back. After that, they start discussing the battle plan and tactics. As they do, I can't help but notice how, when we win, it will mostly benefit them. They almost never mentioned the dragons, and when they did they basically referred to us as weapons at their command. The meeting goes on for hours, and as it does, I feel my heart clench and my veins run cold. Finally, at midnight, Alvin calls it a day and everybody starts to leave. Before they do, though, I ask with a bit of anger in my voice, "Wait, what's in it for us?"

Alvin ignores me and simply says, "Go to bed, Stoneblood. The dragons already know that they have to sleep, you don't have to tell them." I scowl. Sometimes it annoys me so much how they can't understand us. And yet we can understand them. Sort of.

As I walk outside, I gesture for Skurge, Ash, Dracen, and Sawyer to come to me. Leading them over to a quiet corner, I turn around and ask irritably, "What do we get out of this? It sounds like they don't even care what happens to us."

"They're humans." Dracen yawns sleepily, "None of them make sense at all. We'll probably get something."

"Not if we don't win." Ash growls, "That plan didn't seem very smart. I agree with Phoenix. What happens to us then? Will they just toss us aside since they found out we're useless '\_weapons'\_?"

Skurge scoffs, "Of course not. They need us. We do provide most of their food."

"I dunno." Sawyer says warily, "The Outcasts don't really think before they act. They just like war and bloodshed; they don't really care about getting food for each other. At least Alvin doesn't."

"For all we know, they might turn on us if we fail." Ash says to Skurge, backing up Sawyer.

I flatten my ears and growl quietly, "Honestly, I don't understand why we listen to those idiots."

Everybody turns to stare at me, wide-eyed. "What?" I say, "It's not like they're stronger than us!"

Dracen tears his gaze away and looks at the others. "I'm gonna go to bed." He mumbles quietly, turning around, "See you in the morning." Sawyer follows him, muttering something the same.

Ash right in my eyes, and it feels like she's boring into my soul. Then, her eyes soften and she tilts her head and shrugs in a kind of 'why not' way. She quickly walks away and leaves me with Skurge.

"Don't turn against the Outcasts," he says, "I know they can be stupidly frustrating at times, but it wouldn't do any good if you rebelled."

I look at him for a few moments. Then, I turn around and walk away, "I just need to think for a little while."

Lifting my wings, I takeoff into the stormy night sky, heading towards the highest peak on the island. It's surprisingly tall actually- it nearly touches the low thunderclouds tonight.

Landing on top of it, I sit down and look at the land below me. The lights in the human houses disappear as the candles are blown out and soon the village is dark. Sighing, I try to wrap my brain around this all.

FCFCFCFCFCFCFCFCFCFCFC

Raven's POV

Earlier

I gaze proudly at my two children. They've both grown into wonderful dragons. Nate is one of the best fighters, and Irria is the leader of the hunting parties. Toothless is still the biggest, but Nate is just a few inches smaller.

Right now, they're demonstrating a couple of fighting moves to a few eager young dragons.

"You have to time it quickly," Nate explains with a raised paw, "Your opponent might jump out of the way if you hesitate. So, you bring your paw down hard on the side of the dragon's head, right on their temple."

He slowly does so on Irria. When his paw reaches her head, she fake stumbles to the side in slow motion and I laugh a little. "That'll daze them. Then, what I would do here is bite the back of her neck and shake her back and forth. When she's weak enough, I let go and pin her to the ground."

Before Nate can demonstrate the move, though, Irria jumps out of the way and growl playfully, "Heh heh, don't you dare come near my neck."

"Oh really?" her brother narrows his eyes, crouching low. The young dragons back away just as he pounces on his sister. She wriggles out from underneath him and lands a blow on his side.

"Shhrrriip!" Irria adds sound effects, "I ripped you open! You're dying now!"

Nate rolls his eyes and falls dramatically, "Oh! I've been gutted like a fish!"

One of the young dragons, a Deadly Nadder, hops up onto him and looks at his imaginary wound. "No you haven't." she says matter-of-factly, "He's faking! He's going to attack us and eat us for dinner!"

"Rawr!" Nate surges up and she falls off. "Ahh!" the hatchlings squeal, running away. "You're right," he acts, "I love to eat baby dragons for dinner. Especially Deadly Nadders!"



I purr in amusement as he chases the little dragons around. A few minutes later, Irria leaps to their defense. "Don't worry! I'll take care of him!" she says in mock bravery.

The two siblings start tussling and the kids hide behind a rock, watching them with excited eyes. After five minutes of fighting, Nate finally pins his sister.

"Go!" she calls out dramatically to the hatchlings, "Save yourselves! There's no stopping this mad dragon!"

Her brother gazes down at her with a mischievous glint in his eyes. "I'm no dragon!" he says, "I'm an Outcast! Roar! My clan is going to kill everyone!"

I quickly stand up as they start running around everywhere. "Okaayyy." I say, bounding over to them, "How 'bout you play a different game?"

"Aww!" the little dragons pout.

"No, that's not an appropriate game to play."

"But Raven, what if the Outcasts really do come and attack us?" the young Nadder asks, "We'll need to know how to fight."

I give Nate a you-shouldn't-have-done-that look and say, "That's not going to happen. Now go play hide 'n seek or something."

With a gloomy collective "alright" the hatchlings scamper off. Once they're out of earshot, I round on Nate.

"How could you joke about something like that!?" I snarl and he meets my gaze, "I don't see the problem with talking about the past."

"This is serious." I growl, "Don't you remember what they did to us? To her?"

"Barely," he grumbles, but at my outraged look quickly says, "Okay, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have joked about something that, if it happened, wouldn't be funny at all."

Sighing, I nod and say, "Alright. Now go get some dinner. It's starting to get late."

"Aww, c'mon." Irria pouts, "Just cuz we did something bad doesn't mean we can't stay up."

I'm about to retort when Toothless walks up and says, "You better listen to your mother, guys, or the Skullion will get you!"

Nate and Irria give him a 'seriously' look. "Don't you think we're a bit too old for that story?" Irria asks.

"I mean, come on. There's no such thing as a big, flightless dragon that can't hear or see but then just happens to be a vicious killing machine." Nate scoffs.

Toothless spreads his wings and sweeps them away with him, "Well, maybe you need to hear the story again."

They saunter away, groaning, and I rub my forehead with a paw. "Ugh." Sighing again, I look up into the night sky. There are a lot of clouds tonight, but they're not covering the full moon.

It's many shades of white, like it as scales. The memory of my third child comes to my mind and I shake it away. "Don't do this to yourself." I mutter.

A dark cloud passes over the moon, but when it leaves I gasp. The moon is splattered with blood, the red standing out against the white. Then, right before my eyes, the moon morphs into a face.

"Phoenix." I whisper, my eyes wide. As soon as it came, it disappears and the moon is normal. I look down and shake my head roughly. I'm going insane. Glancing up again, I see the moon is still white and sigh with relief.

Phh, bloody moon, yeah right. My eyes must've played tricks on me.

Turning around, I run back into the house, looking forward to a good night's sleep.

\*\*This is the Phoenix that we will be dealing with, most of the time. Sort of long chapter. I'll be trying to put some Raven parts too.\*\*

## 6. Wild Dragons

\*\*Sorry, this chapter is a bit short, but hopefully the next one will be posted soon\*\*

### Wild Dragons

I know I shouldn't go against the Outcasts, but we just won't win with their plan. They're not smart or clever. They just fight. And when we do lose, I know that they'll cast the dragons off of the island. They only care about us because of our strength and power and flight. Alvin's hatred of Berk is blinding him from what really matters in ruling a clan. Food, good shelter, medicine- he's forgotten about all of that.

I don't know, maybe it's just my desire to be a leader that's making me think like this. We do need a place to live, and a lot of islands are already occupied or not suitable for living. I just don't like our lack of-

Suddenly, I see a flash of purple lightning and the breath is knocked out of me. Something had rammed into me and sent me tumbling down the mountain. Yowling, I flail my legs, trying to grab hold of something. My right paw catches a ledge and I hang on for dear life. The rest of my body is dangling off of the cliff, and my legs are unable to get a grip on the mountainside.

I hear the beating of wings and look up to see what attacked me. A

beautiful grey and purple Skrill with deadly looking claws lands on the cliff. She grins maliciously and looks down at me.

"You're a little far away from home, \_pet\_." She spits the last word out and I snarl. I've never seen a Skrill before, but I can tell that she is one from Skurge's description of them. The lightning rider digs her claws into my right paw and I grit my teeth, "Fly back to your little humans!"

Before she can throw me off, I press both of my back paws against the mountainside and kick off. Doing a backflip in midair, I spread my wings and regain flight.

Then, I ram into the Skrill and pin her against the rock. Sinking my claws into her shoulders, I shove her into the wall over and over again. Rocks start to tumble, and I'm distracted for a moment when one lands on my head.

She seizes her opportunity and bites the side of my neck. I screech in pain as she flings me away and I land on an outcropping of rock. As I recover, the Skrill lands next to me and sends a blow to my head. I feel her long wing-claw slice into my forehead, just above my eye and gasp.

I jump backwards and she laughs, "Your precious humans have made you soft, \_pet\_."

Baring my teeth, I let out a growl so deep and threatening that I see her eyes widen a bit. I feel my heart harden with hatred and my blood run cold. Bunching up my muscles, I leap high into the sky before bringing down my claws on her face as I land. As I do so, I feel my claws slash deep through flesh and muscle, and then meet \_bone\_.

The Skrill shrieks in pain and I take a look at the wounds I inflicted. There're three bone-deep, long scratches running from the top on her forehead, over part of her eye, before coming to a crooked stop at her snout. There's a fourth, smaller scratch on her cheek, but they're all bleeding badly.

Grinning, I strike the side of her head with my red right paw, sending her stumbling to the ground. I stalk up to her and growl, "Just because I live with them doesn't mean I like them."

Using the side of my paw, I smack her head again and it bounces painfully off of the rock below her. "And they are most certainly not precious to me." I finish and she looks up at me, dazed.

"Phh, yeah right." The Skrill scoffs drowsily, "If you really didn't like them, you would just leave."

I don't say anything else and back away as she slowly gets up. It doesn't seem like she's going to attack me again.

Instead, I ask, "Are you a Wild Dragon?"

She nods and rumbles, "I'm surprised. You fight like one. Not like normal human pets do."

I growl as she says 'pets'. The dragons on Outcast islands are \_not\_ pets. We're companions, not owned.

She tilts her head and grunts, "You don't seem to like being a pet. Why don't you just leave?"

I sigh, not fully trusting her, and say, "I couldn't just abandon my friends. But I just know the Outcasts are going to abandon us when we lose with their stupid plan." I say the last part mostly to myself.

"Plan?" the dragon asks.

I wave it away with my paw, "It's just battle and stuff. You know how the Outcasts are."

"So, convince your friends to come with you."

"Do some dragons live in groups?"

She looks up for a moment, thinking about it, before answering, "Well, a long time ago, there was this one huge clan of dragons living together, but their queen was evil. You guys probably aren't going to be evil, though."

I nod and say, "I've always wanted to be a leader of a group or a clan. But I never gave a thought to what I would do with the Outcasts. I guess I always pictured us being wild."

We don't speak after that and fall into a silence. I lick my paw wound, and then wipe it over my head scratch. The Wild Dragon does the same. Finally, a few minutes later, she speaks.

"You know what? Convince you're friends by telling them about the wonders of living free. Of feeling the rush of catching your own prey from your own territory. Tell them how you could live together on your own land, free, full of fresh kill, protecting one another. I personally think that living in a group would be safer and better for everyone."

I look at her strangely and say slowly, "Okay, but- wait, why are you helping me? We were just trying to kill each other five minutes ago."

She shrugs, "Eh, I don't think that dragons should be living with humans at all. And you're not a normal pet. Are you sure that your parents weren't Wild?"

Ignoring her question (because I hate my family), I turn around and prepare to takeoff. "I'll use your advice." I say emotionlessly, "Thanks."

"Your welcome. Careful where you put those claws. You don't want to kill anyone by accident," she snorts, flying in the air.

I take off, but before I can get far, I hear her say, "By the way, my name is Zylah."

I turn around to face the Skrill. She doesn't seem so hostile anymore. There's still a sharp look in her eyes, but there's also a friendly glint in them. Nodding, I grunt, "Phoenix."

Zylah jerks her head and flies away. When she reaches the dark clouds, there's a flash of lightning and before I know it, she's gone, riding away on a lightning bolt. I can't help but feel jealous of her ability and power.

Shaking it away and telling myself I have my own powers, I turn around and dive down to the village. Angling myself, I turn towards the place where I sleep. It's no longer a small cave in a mountain. Now, I sleep in an underground hollow under a large tree in the middle of the village, near Skurge's place.

Spreading my wings out for a quick, but silent, landing, I pause before I enter, looking up at the storm clouds. Occasionally, there's a flash of lightning and then thunder, and each time I try to see Zylah riding on them. Sighing, I look back at my hollow.

"I like her." I suddenly say aloud. I quickly glance around to see if anyone heard, and then dash inside of the den.

Exhausted, I slump onto my bed, which is a combination of twigs, moss, soft leaves, and feathers from birds I've caught. My wounds barely hurt, and I soon fall into a deep sleep.

\_I am flying. Just flying. Over the open sea, with no land in sight.\_

\_Suddenly, I sense something moving behind me. I try to turn my head, but can't. Something tells me that they're dragons, and yet they don't attack me. They move behind me, silently. There're many, moving in behind me, flying as one. \_

\_The sound of beating hearts reaches my ears, strong and loud. They're evenly paced, but I can tell that there's many hearts beating. I close my eyes, listening to the sounds of the dragons as they fly. Their heartbeat. Their breath. Their wings flapping as they fly. \_

\_I feel their power as we fly. It takes a while, but I finally realize that these are \_my\_ dragons. I can feel their loyalty in me. Their trust and determinedness to fight with me, for me. \_

\_Glancing down, I gaze at my dragons in the reflection in the ocean. There're all kinds of dragons, even species that typically hate each other, flying together. I see a few dragons next to me in the reflection and look up.\_

\_Surprisingly, to my right is Skurge. He's looking straightforward, determinedness written on his face. Ash is flying next to him, the same look on her face.\_

\_On my right, again to my surprise, is Zylah. The wild Skrill looks exactly like Skurge and Ash. I notice that she has claw mark scars on her face, right where I scratched her. Next to her is Sawyer, who barely has to flap his large wings as he flies. Straining my eyes, I can barely see Dracen next to Sawyer, and he seems to be carrying something in his claws.\_

\_Looking down, I finally take a look at myself and gasp a little. Part of my lower right wing-flap is missing, and I have scars on my face. But what really takes me by surprise is that I barely look like

a Night Fury.\_

\_I should have noticed this before, but even without the scars, I look like a totally different species. My scales are completely the opposite color of a normal Fury's. From what Skurge has told me, I'm bigger than a lot of the males and my claws are sharper, but that's because I used to sharpen them when I was young and now they grow this way. \_

\_Looking up, I see a faint shade of green in the distance. Land. I look at Zylah, and she looks at me and nods. \_

\_All these dragons are loyal to me. They're willing to fight. But I have to provide shelter and food for them, too. We fly as one.\_

\_I can feel the power in them. Power that is now mine. It feels amazing, much more than when I imagined it. My heart clenches, and I know that I will do anything to keep it. Nobody will take this power away.\_

\*\*How do you like Zylah? Pretty cool, eh? I needed a little boost for Phoenix. R&R\*\*\_  
><em>

## 7. Armies and Loyalties

### Armies and Loyalties

I gasp as I awaken from the dream. Sunlight flows into my hollow and I assume that it is morning. As soon as I come to my senses, the wonderful feeling of power drains out of me and leaves me emotionless.

Sighing, I get up and stretch. I know what I have to do; I just hope my friends will approve of my choice. Straightening up, I walk out of my den, my mind set with determination.

The bright light startles me and I squint my eyes. My den is dark, kind of like the cave I was born in, so it takes a while for my eyes to get used to the sudden light. Looking around, I already see Outcasts starting to gather outside of the Hall to continue the meeting. Yawning, I walk towards them, snatching a fish out of a basket on the way.

I let out my usual grunts and growls to the Outcasts, and they get out of my way as I pass. Pausing at the steps, I look around for Skurge.

He comes out of his sleeping place, a nest underneath Alvin's house, and slithers towards me. When he's in earshot, I jerk my head and say, "I want to talk to you."

The Whispering Death looks at me with slight confusion, and then nods and says, "Alright. Lets go talk over there." He points with his head towards the side of the Hall, which is somewhat private with all the shadows and such.

Before he starts over, I raise my tail, "Wait. I want to talk to you along with Dracen, Ash, and Sawyer."

Skurge glances at me and asks warily, "What's this about?"

"You'll see."

Just then, I spot Sawyer and Ash flying in the distance. "Hey guys!" I call, "Come over here, I need to talk to you."

They obey and land next to me. "What's up?" Ash asks casually. "Where's Dracen?"

"Right here." I hear the Changewing's voice and turn to see him walking towards us, "What's going on?"

"Come on." I flick my tail and they follow as I lead them to the side of the Hall. I hop onto some empty crates and turn to look at them. My friends gather below me, watching me intently.

Pausing, I take a deep breath and begin, "Last night, after the meeting, I went to clear my head so I flew to the tallest part of the mountain. Before I knew it, something started attacking me and threw me off my perch. It was a Wild Dragon, a Skrill."

"Ooh, did you shred it to pieces?" Skurge asks.

"Well, seeing her scabs it looks like the Skrill put up a pretty good fight." Dracen says, "You should get some herbs on that."

I shake my head, "That's not the point. She did put up a pretty good fight, but I finished it with a few blows to her head. Then I asked her if she was a Wild Dragon, and she said yes and that I fought like one, not like normal 'pets'."

"We're not pets!" Ash snarls, outraged. Before she can continue, though, I growl, "Well, if you think about it, we kind of are, now let me continue."

She scowls at me, but doesn't say anything. "Thank you," I say, "So then she wondered, if I don't like being a pet, why I didn't just leave. I told her that I couldn't just abandon my friends."

I pause, letting that sink in. Then, Skurge sighs, "I see where this is going."

"Why not?" I persuade, "We'll be free. We'll be able to go wherever we want. We can just hunt for ourselves and not the Outcasts! This island is pathetic; there're probably so many better out there!"

"Phoenix," Dracen groans, but I cut him off, "Let's face it, the Outcasts don't really care about us. They just like our abilities. We can leave them, find a territory, live with and protect each other. Dragons will want to join our little clan once they see the power we will have."

"It'll be so much easier- and more organized. If we ever get into fights with other dragons, we'll have each other's backs, unlike the Outcasts. We can survive, decades after decades."

"Okay, wait." Skurge says, "Even if we do leave, what if the

Outcasts come looking for us? Or try to stop us? And, Phoenix, this island isn't that bad."

I pause for a moment, and then say, "We can drive them off the island. They aren't stronger than us. That'll give us the island, and they won't bother us for a while."

Skurge thinks about it for a moment, but then backs down, muttering, "I still don't think this is a good idea."

A few moments later, Ash steps forward, "I know this is crazy, but I kind of agree with Phoenix."

"What?" Dracen exclaims, "This is crazy! You guys know I'm not the fighting type."

"I know," I grumble, then perk up and say, "You can be a healer. You have been taking an interest in herbs lately."

"I'm not an expert, but-"

"No, no, this is great!" I say, "We can have rankings. Every dragon will play to his or her strengths. Those good at fighting will be fighters. Those that are good at hunting and flying can be hunters. There can be a couple of medicine dragons. Then I'll be the leader and I'll have a deputy and a delta."

"What about hatchlings?" Sawyer asks, "If we're going to be a clan. then there's going to have to be eggs and hatchlings. Who will take care of them?"

"How about females that don't want to do fighting or hunting?" Ash suggests, "They can be caretakers."

"Guys, come on." Skurge says, "Get real. What if the Outcasts do come up with a good plan?"

I snort, "Phh, I doubt it. They're not smart enough to."

They don't speak after that and I sigh. "Come on, guys." I whisper, "This is my dream, and it can be yours too. But I won't do this without you."

Ash looks around at everyone for a moment before taking a stand next to me, "I'm with you. This could be the greatest thing in dragon history."

I smile at her and thank her. A few moments later, Dracen, who was staring at his paws, says, "If you can get some of the other dragons to agree, then I'll come."

"I guess I'm in." Sawyer says, coming to stand beside me. We all look at Skurge now. He seems to be having a battle with himself. Finally, he growls, "If the Outcasts really don't have a good plan then I'll join you."

I nod and thank him. I'm a little wary about his loyalties, though. I'll just have to keep an eye on him. Maybe even make him prove where his loyalties lie.



"Skurge! Stoneblood!" I turn to see Alvin calling to us and quietly growl. Grudgingly, I lumber towards him and we walk inside the Hall.

Once everyone's gathered, the meeting begins. And so does the dragons'. I lead them to the back of the Hall, and since most of them fear or respect me, they follow. Jumping onto a small stone table, I turn around and gaze down at the dragons.

"I have a proposition for all of you, and it could change the history of dragons forever, so choose wisely." I say in a strong imperious voice, and immediately they start murmuring to each other. Raising my tail for silence, I begin.

I explain my plan for a long time, and occasionally some of the gang helps. We talk about the rankings, and the safety and everything. As I speak, I see different emotions pass through the dragons' faces. A couple of times, someone from the crowd asks a question, but other than that, I'm not interrupted.

An hour later, I end by saying, "If you don't want to join us, we'll let you leave in peace, but you must help us with driving out the Outcasts or, if we see you on our territory, it won't end well. Just to let you know, it will benefit us, yourself, and your children if you join us. So who's with me?"

Immediately, the young Grapple Grounder, Whiplash, jumps up, "I am! We're better off without the Outcasts anyways."

I purr, proud of my student, and say, "Those who want to join me, go over there. Those who don't, over there."

The dragons shuffle around and I watch, trying to hide my anxiousness. In the end, a little less than half decide to come with us, but it's enough. There're not a lot of dragons on Outcast Island anyways.

I smile and look down at my friends. Ash and Sawyer are grinning up at me, while Dracen just nods, but I can see a faint smile on his face. Skurge doesn't look at me.

"Thank you, all." I say to the new members of my clan. It feels good to say that. "Tell me your names and what you're best at."

"I'm Whiplash, a Grapple Grounder, and I'm good at fighting."

"I'm Nightwhisper, a Smothering Smokebreath, and I'm pretty good at both."

"I'm Dagger, a Hideous Zippleback, and I'm best at hunting."

"Viperfang, a Snaptrapper, I prefer fighting over hunting."

"I'm Skyflame, a Deadly Nadder, fighter."

"I'm Misty, Skyflame is my sister, and I'm also a fighter."

"I'm Crag, a Monstrous Nightmare, and I'm a hunter."

A few more dragons later, I turn to the other group, "You sure you don't want to join? Every dragon counts."

Nobody moves and I hide my disappointment. "Well, then." I say, "Let's get on to the plan to drive out the Outcasts. It will happen tonight, because tomorrow their plan will take place. Let's begin."

\* \* \*

><p>"Good. Now everybody eat, rest up, and be ready tomorrow!" Alvin calls after the Outcasts, who are slowly leaving the Hall. It's dusk, and both the humans and the dragons have finished their plans.<p>

I wait for all the Outcasts to leave the Hall, before following them. "Remember, be in place and ready when I give the call." I say to the dragons behind me. They grunt to show that they heard and start separating. Each one of them was given their own station to be in, so when the time comes to attack, they'll be ready. I have to say; our battle plan is much, much, much better than the Outcasts. They won't even know what hit them.

"Hey, Phoenix!" Ash calls, trotting over to me, "What's going to happen to the island? I mean, we're dragons, so fire is bound to start up once we start fighting. What if the island burns down and we can't use it ever?"

I roll my eyes, "Don't be ridiculous! We're surrounded by water- the island can't burn down. The ocean mist and rain in the morning will probably put it out. And anyways, we'll be gone by then. The island will have enough time to grow, full of green plants and luscious fruits, since the Outcasts will be gone. Then, the boars, birds, and rodents will have enough to eat, and so will we."

Ash ponders about this for a moment, and then says, "Okay, but maybe you should ask that Wild Skrill that you met earlier to join us. She knows the ways of the Wild more than anyone; we're going to need her."

I sigh and nod, "Good point. Now go get ready."

My friend smiles, but before she goes, she whispers to me, "And also, you might want to keep an eye on Skurge. He's acting a little weird."

She scampers off and I look around for the Death. He's sulking around at the edge of the crowd.

Sighing, I take a deep breath before walking to him. When I'm a few feet away, I ask, "Hey, what's up? You're acting strange."

My old mentor looks at me and grumbles, "Nothing."

I nudge him with my nose, "Come on. Don't you want this?"

"I do," he says quickly, "I really do want this. It's just," he takes a deep breathe, "I want my revenge on Berk so badly. The Outcasts would've helped me do that. It's like something you've been planning for years being ruined."

I sigh and stay silent. To give me some time to think, I start licking my paw. I totally understand what he means. If I do this, then I won't get the chance to prove myself to my family. A few moments later, I look up and say, "You will get your revenge on Berk."

Skurge looks at me hopefully and I continue, "Berk is a nice island, right? And as the clan grows bigger, we'll need more territory. I want my revenge on myâ€¦ \_family\_ too. So, when the time comes, we'll attack Berk."

He grins and nods vigorously. "Thank you, Phoenix."

Raising my paw, I say, "I'm not done." He nods for me to continue, "If you are to be my deputy, you need to prove yourâ€¦. loyalty to me. I'm sorry to say that I can't trust you fully when I can tell that you still have faith in someone else."

A look of confusion momentarily passes over his face, but then he seems to realize what I mean. It takes him a few moments to answer, but when he does, he says, "O-of course, m-my queen."

I inwardly smile as he calls me 'queen'. It feels good to be called that.

Nodding, I say, "Well, let's get on with it, shall we?"

\_Later \_

I crouch at the edge of the village, watching the two humans anxiously. Alvin and his deputy, Savage, are talking as they walk along the treeline of the forest. Narrowing my eyes, I quietly stalk forward.

Skurge is hidden in a nearby shack, watching. As I get closer, I hear Alvin say, "You better have everything ready dawn. I want this to start as soon as possible. Then we can get rid of their disgustin-"

I make a small noise and he looks over his shoulder. Turning back to his deputy, he snarls, "Just don't keep me waiting. Now go! Stoneblood wants me for something."

"Yes, Chief Alvin." Savage says before hurrying off to the village. I quickly signal Skurge with a flick of my tail and he nods. Alvin turns around to face me, "Ahh, Stoneblood. Ready to splatter some Viking guts?" he laughs.

Grinning maliciously, I say, "\_Well, yes, but they might not be a Viking's\_." Alvin's eyes widen in shock, "You- you just talked!" Purring, I pounce on him, "\_And that's not all I can do\_." I aim a blow to his neck, but he quickly recovers from his shock and dodges.

Whirling around, I see him take out a sword from his belt. "\_Now now, this doesn't have to get messy\_." I say before ramming my head into him. Grunting, he stumbles backwards but lashes out with his sword as I charge again. The blade meets my head and I yelp in pain.

Jumping backwards, I snarl. Alvin regains his balance and asks, "What

do you think you're doing, betraying the one who took you in?" I quickly dodge an attack and manage to land a blow on his side.

"\_I'm just doing what's best for the higher species\_." I snap back and he snarls. He charges at me and swings his sword. Narrowly dodging, I seize my opportunity and leap on him, pinning him to the ground. He looks at me with wide eyes and goes limp.

I purr, happy with his choice, and prepare to give a killing bite when a bolt of pain explodes on my right wind-flap. Yowling, I stumble off of him and see his sword stained with blood and something white on the ground next to him.

My veins grow cold with hatred and I bunch up my muscles and pounce. As I leap over him, I whack him in the head with my tail. As soon as I land, I turn on the spot to see him on the ground, helmet off. Quickly running to him, I knock his sword aside with a paw and pin both of his arms down.

I dig my claws into his flesh and he whimpers. Looking up at me with pained eyes, he begs, "Please don't kill me. I'll do anything." Shaking my head, I say, "\_No you wouldn't. As soon as I let you up, you would attack me again\_."

Alvin bares his teeth and snarls, "Let me up, you stupid dragon! I am your Chief and you will do as I say." Growling, I quickly raise my right paw. My already cold veins seem to turn into ice as I deliver the fatal blow.

Alvin gasps and then goes limp. For good.

I stare at the bloody mess for a few moments. My adrenaline dies and the ice melts. This is what I've been waiting for. This moment. I'm the leader now, and my army is loyal to me.

My heart fills with bittersweet joy and I grin. Turning to Skurge, I see him slithering towards me with blood on his maw. He looks at me and nods. "Now with no leader or deputy," I say, "the Outcasts will fall."

He grins, flashing his sharp, deadly teeth. "When did you learn how to speak human?"

"Well, if we can understand them why can't we speak their language?" when he doesn't respond I tilt my head, "Shall we, then?" Skurge smirks and slithers towards me.

Purring, I tilt my head up and let out the loudest roar I can give, signaling for the battle to begin.

\*\*Guys, seriously. Why wouldn't they be able to speak human if they can understand it? And also, there are more dragons on her side, I just named the ones that will be mentioned most. \*\*

\*\*Btw Skurge killed Savage...just in case it wasn't clear\*\*

## 8. The Clan

### Chapter Eight

## The Clan

Right after the signal, the sound of chaos rumbles from the village. The dragons have leapt out of their hiding places and are terrorizing the town. The sky turns orange and yellow as they set the houses on fire.

I watch the madness from the edges with my new deputy, Skurge. Outcasts scream and run around. Only when I see a few of them running away from the village and towards us is when I take action.

Pouncing in front of two, I quickly kill them with a few flicks of my claws. Signaling Skurge to take care of the rest, I go after three that made it into the forest. Running in front of them, I threateningly raise a paw and growl, "\_Where do you think you're going?\_"

The look at me with wide eyes and I fling one into a tree. The other two scream in terror and I laugh. Growling and chuffing, I tease, poke, and nip them before finishing them off.

Then, I take off towards the village. One of the houses on the edge of community is on fire and I dodge the flames. Looking down, I see Crag clawing at an Outcast, who is fighting back. Diving behind the foe, I quickly snap his neck and say, "Go help Skurge. Some of the Outcasts are escaping into the forest."

He nods and flies away. Prowling through the ashes and flames, I look around for my friends, occasionally helping dragons fighting Outcasts. Glancing up at the smoke-filled sky, I see Sawyer fly by, spitting fire. He glances down and, seeing me, lands in front of me.

"Hey, Phoenix." For some reason, I flinch when he says my birthname. Sawyer notices and tilts his head in confusion. "Don't call me that." I growl, "That's not my name anymore. It's Frostbite."

He cocks his head and asks, "Why?"

Ignoring his question, I announce, "Alvin is dead." All the dragons close to me hear and let out a triumphant roar. It is soon heard and joined by everyone else. As it does, I feel my veins run cold again. Which is why I named myself Frostbite. After the chill in my blood as I killed Alvin.

"Anyways," Sawyer says once the noise dies down a bit, "The entire east side of the village is on fire and all the villagers are dead there. From above, I've seen a few dead dragons and also some of the Outcasts here and there, but most of them are fleeing into the forest. Many of the dragons are now on the edges of the village, making sure that none escape alive."

"Good," I say, "Now lets-"

The sound of beating wings stops me and I look up. Through the smoke-filled sky comes Zylah, covered in ashes. Landing in front of me, she exclaims, "What is going on here?"

I tilt my head and purr, "What do you think?"

The Wild Dragon looks around at the dragons fighting the humans and says, "Oh, I see you're taking your reign now." Nodding, I look at her expectantly and she shifts a little, "So, you're going to become a wild clan now?"

I nod again and Sawyer asks, "Are you Zylah?"

She looks surprised that he knows her name and nods, "Are you one of her friends?"

"Yeah," he says, "Pho-er- Frostbite told us about you. We could really use your experience, you know? Why don't you come with us?"

I clear my throat and he ducks down a little, "I mean, if that's okay with you." Zylah looks at me and I nod, "I trust you enough. And you'd be useful." She grins and thanks me.

Suddenly, one of the houses near us collapses and we all jump. "Come on." I say, taking off into the dark sky. They follow me and as I fly around, edging towards the forest but making sure that no villagers are still alive. Narrowing my eyes, I see some rubble shift and feel something whiz past me. Checking back to see if the thing hurt Zylah or Sawyer, I shoot a plasma blast at the enemy. He dodges and the smoke clears enough to see that he's the Outcast battle commander.

He throws another strange, sharp thing and this time I have to dodge. Before I can shoot him, though, someone else joins the fight. It's Misty; she pounces on the Outcast, biting and clawing.

Once he stops moving, I call for her to join us. Then, I fly towards the edge of the forest.

It surprises me, the amount of dragons there are, fighting fleeing Outcasts. By the looks of it, though, we're winning.

Diving down, I knock down five of the escapees with my wings. The dragons that they were fighting give me a grateful glance before continuing their attack. Signaling for Sawyer, Zylah, and Misty to follow me, I bite, claw, and blast my way through the battlefield.

A familiar shriek stops me dead in my tracks. Looking around, I see Dracen, who was supposed to stay out of the fight, being attacked by two distraught Outcasts. One of the swords penetrates his soft scales and I growl with fury.

Bunching up my muscles, I leap over the bodies and flames, claws outstretched. Landing on top of one, I blast the other with plasma and dig my claws into my victim's throat. Still seething with rage, I turn to Dracen, my eyes slits, "Get back! You could get hurt!"

My first and still best friend nods feverishly and backs into the forest, making his scales blend in with the shadows. Turning around, I plunge back into the battle.

The fighting doesn't last long after that. A few minutes later, I watch Whiplash slay the last Outcast. There's a moment of silence, and then everybody turns to me.

I grin, "Good job, everyone. Now, once again, may the dragons joining me go there and the others, there." I jerk my head in opposite directions and the dragons shuffle around. Two dragons that I know aren't going to come walk up to me. One is a Typhoomerang and the other is a Thunder Drum.

I look at them and the Typhoomerang stutters, "Um- er- Phoenix?" His friend shoves him, "No, remember? Sawyer said its Frostbite now."

"Oh, \_Frostbite\_, I mean." I nod for the nervous dragon to continue, "Well, if you would let us, we'd like to join you. The battle showed us that you guys are more powerful than we had thought, and we- er- want to be like that too."

I gaze at them and say, "Alright. But don't expect to have high rankings immediately. What are your names?"

They look thoroughly relieved and quickly introduce themselves. The Typhoomerang is Falcon and the Thunder Drum, who is very pretty, if I might add, is Aquamarine. When they back away, I continue talking, "Now, let's discuss the ranks. Once you hear them," I say to the opposing group, "you are free to change your mind and join us."

"Of course, I am the leader. Skurge is my deputy and Zylah," she looks up hopefully, "will be my delta."

Murmurs follow this and someone calls out, "What is a delta?"

"It's the third-in-command." Zylah says, "Someone that the leader trusts to do things. It and the deputy usually give advice to the leader."

I nod and she beams, "Exactly. Then, below the leaderships, will be Dracen, the healer. He and nursery queens will be the same place in rankings. The nursery queens will lay and take care of their children until they are old enough to be trained. After that, they can either return to their original position or choose to stay in the nursery and take care of all the hatchlings, along with their mothers.

"There will be hunters and fighters. Every dragon will learn how to hunt and fight, and help in both, but only hunters or fighters will be able to lead a hunting party or a patrol. Then, at the lowest ranking will be omegas, or gnaw dragons. These will contain dragons with a lame limb or some sort of disability, or dragons that have done something bad, therefore demoted and, from there, can slowly rise in ranking again."

I pause, waiting for questions. Ash lifts her tail and I nod. "What do the omegas do?" she asks.

"Theyâ€¦" I think about it for a moment, then continue, "gnaw out maps of the territory on bones and make battle armor. Unfortunately, they eat after everyone else. I have heard the Berk dragons have metal armor, which is very stupid if you ask me because metal can grow very hot and stays hot for a while, and, well, we're \_dragons\_. Our armor will be made out of bone. Though it may break more easily than metal, at least we won't have our scales seared off."

More murmurs follow this, but now they sound more positive. One of Dracen's cousins, Amber, steps forward and says, "I would like to join, please."

I purr, "Thank you. Anyone else?"

There's a bit of shuffling, and then we gain a Timberjack, who's a mother of two, named Fernheart, and an adult male Terrible Terror with a paw that splays out when he walks. "I know that I'll be in the lowest ranking." He says as he walks to join our group, "but hey, \_somebody's\_ got to map out our land."

I dip my head, "Thank you, Sparrow, for your sacrifice."

Sparrow looks at me and says, "You're very modest. The markings of being a good leader."

I look back at the dragons that will not be joining us. "Well, then," I say, "You guys had best be off." They nod and slowly depart. Once they are all gone, I gaze to my new clan with pride.

"Thank you, everyone." I say. Fernheart raises her tail, "How will we carry the young ones? They're a bit young to be flying so far."

I nod, agreeing, and say, "We can trade off in carrying them. And every hatchling will have to be eight months old before they start learning how to fight."

The mother Timberjack nods, feeling better knowing her children will have time to grow up before training, unlike before when young dragons would learn at four months. Then, I lead my clan towards the mountain, where the baby dragons were hiding to stay out of the fight.

Unfortunately, the parents of four Changewing hatchlings had died in the battle, but Fernheart was more than happy to take them in. When all six youngsters have someone to ride on, we move into a clearing in the forest.

"While Dracen collects any herbs that he needs," I speak above everyone, "everybody who's not an omega, nursery queen, or one in the leadership sort yourselves in the rankings. The hunters will be called Claws and the fighters will be Fangs. Wait for me here while I go and get something."

Leaving Skurge and Zylah in charge, I fly towards the old fighting arena. Not the one where the dragons trained. The one where the Outcasts did. The one that holds a very special memory of mine.

Diving down into the abandoned arena, I stalk towards the thing that I was looking for. A skeleton. The skeleton of my first kill. The meat has rotted off of the Monstrous Nightmare's bones and sunken into the ground, leaving a bare carcass.

I promptly walk up to it. Glaring down at it's long, needle sharp teeth, I use my paw to knock the four incisors. Then, I carefully fit my right claws into the hollow space within.

Grinning, I turn to the rest of the corpse. Picking off the sharp



bones of the tall, spinal scales, I fit them over the rest of my claws. Now, they're all extra long, extra sharp, and extra deadly.

Flexing them, I prowl back to my clan. The claws scrape and click on the stone floor, but become silent on the earth.

As I near the forest, I notice that the flames in the town are starting to die down because there's not much left to burn. At least we don't have to put it out, then.

In the clearing, I find everybody separated into groups. Skurge tells me that he made the Claws go in one group and the Fangs in another. I praise him, to which he beams, and then walk towards Dracen. He's talking to his cousin, Amber, who has decided to become a Fang.

"Excuse me," I interrupt and Amber politely backs away, "Dracen, have you collected what you need?"

He nods and jerks his head towards a full-looking Outcast satchel that he stole. "Yup," he says as we walk towards it, "and I have to say that I'm actually pretty excited for this."

I purr, happy for my best friend, "Good. Now let's get going."

Turning to my clan, I let out a yowl, "Come, everyone. Let's go find ourselves a place to call our own." They bark and rumble in agreement and we set off. With Skurge and Zylah on either side of me, I lead the dragons off of the island.

"Where to first?" Skurge asks and I turn to Zylah, "Are there any islands near here where we can stay before setting off again?"

She thinks about it for a moment, then says, "There is oneâ€| but I heard there are a few big dragons there, like Boneknappers."

Instead of being afraid, I grin, "Perfect. Let's go get some new recruits."

**\*\*Like the way Phoe-er- Frostbite's gonna rule her clan? \*\***

## 9. The Boneknapper

### Chapter 9

#### The Boneknapper

Finally, at dusk, we reach the island that Zylah told us about. My wings ache as I land, but I don't show my weariness. Turning around, I make sure everyone lands on the shore before walking inland.

The island is a bit grey like Outcast Island, and there's a slight fog on the ground. But there are many bushes, shrubs, and a few trees here and there so it's not barren. Commanding a few Fangs to stand by my side and make sure that nothing will leap out of the undergrowth, I look for a place where my clan could stay for the night.

It doesn't seem like there are many good places, though. We could never settle here permanently. Eventually, we decide to carve out some hollows on the side of a somewhat pebbly hill with bushes all around.

I order Sparrow and some Fangs to start digging before turning to the Claws. "Crag, I want you to lead a hunting party on the east side from here, but take Misty just in case. Dagger, you lead another to the west and take Whiplash with you."

They nod and start assembling Claws to join their party. I turn around and walk towards Fernheart. She's gathering her two children and the four Changewing orphans under her large wings. "How are you doing?" I ask as I approach her. Looking tired, she answers, "Fine, but the children are getting hungry." To prove this, the hatchlings immediately start mewling and whining.

"I just sent out some hunting parties. Hopefully they'll bring back something. I'll also have fire's set in front of each den."

She smiles wearily, "Thank you." I nod and go look for Ash. The Smothering Smokebreath is alongside Sparrow, helping him dig a big enough hollow for Zylah. "Ash," I call and she looks up, "Actually, you and Sparrow. I need you two to go and collect some twigs and branches for fires. Come back as quickly as you can."

They nod and scamper into the forest. Stepping forward, I'm about to take over their job when I hesitate. Looking around, I spot Zylah and call her over. "Can you dig your own den, please? It'll be quicker and I need to keep an eye on things."

"Of course," she says and starts clawing at the earth.

Skurge, who is a natural tunneler, has already made his den and is helping others make theirs. "Good job." I say as I pass by him and he grunts, "Just getting things done quicker."

I gaze around at all the working dragons. Sitting down, my eyes droop for a moment before I jerk back awake. Shaking myself, I watch as the Fangs finish the dens. They're almost done now, and Fernheart is starting to move into one. The hatchlings follow her closely, whining hungrily. She folds one of her wings over them and they disappear from sight.

There's a big hollow near the top of the hill, and it looks like it was made for me. Shaking myself again, I stand up and walk to Skurge. My deputy is now barking at Crag's hunting party, who has returned with mouths full of prey. But they're not large prey, like boars or game, just rodents and rabbits and such.

"Make sure you give the biggest piece to Frostbite, alright?" I hear Skurge say as I approach. "No." I interrupt and they all jump in surprise, "Make sure that the hatchlings are fed first, and then Dracen. I'll eat from whatever the second party brings back."

The Claws nod and disappear. Turning to Skurge, I say, "I'll be taking first watch 'till midnight. If you could take the second, that would be great." He nods and slithers away.

Once again, I gaze around, deciding what to do. I see Crag and a male

Deadly Nadder named Fireflight giving some prey to Fernheart and the hatchlings. Then, remembering what I said, I call Aquamarine over and say, "Can you quickly dig some pits for fires in front of the dens? But make it two dens per fire."

"No problem!" the Thunder Drum says and bounds towards them. Then, she simply puts her chin in the pebbly ground, moves it a bit, and then moves away. There's a little dip in the ground, perfect for fires.

Just then, Ash and Sparrow return, their mouths full of brushwood. They look at me expectantly and I jerk my head towards the fire pits. After quickly setting down some of their load, they follow Aquamarine as she continues to dig the holes.

Taking a deep breath, I shoot fireballs at each pit that they make, lighting them. Immediately, all the dragons edge close to the fires.

A rustling on my right makes me look away to see Dagger and his hunting party returning. Like Crag's party, they all have small prey. One of Dagger's heads drops his prey and says, "These lands are full of prey, but they're not very big. We hid some of the prey to we could go back and get it once we dropped off this batch. We'll be right back, but where should we leave this?"

I nod towards a patch of bare earth near one of the fires and say, "Just put them in a pile there."

His head nods and picks up his prey. As he leads his party over, I notice that Whiplash has caught a rabbit. My stomach growls hungrily and I ask, "Do you mind if I eat that?"

The Grapple Grounder jerks his head in surprise but then immediately drops his prey, "What? Oh! Of course, of courseâ€¦ my queen."

I purr and gratefully take the rabbit. Padding over to the fire near my den, I sit and wolf down the large rodent in a few bites. Licking my maw, I watch as Dagger's party disappears for a few moments before coming back, mouths once again full. Everybody's done working by now and are all in the camp.

Standing up, I say loudly, "Let us all eat. Though the prey isn't large, there is enough to keep us full. After that, go to sleep, because we're going to need our strength for tomorrow. Alright?" Everybody nods and I add, "And also, good job Claws."

As the dragons choose their dinner and begin to eat, I climb to the top of the hill. From there, I can see the whole camp and all the dragons, and also stuff beyond that. Turning my back to my clan for a moment, I gaze at all of the hills, small mountains, and the forests of bushes. I remember what Zylah said about big dragons living here, but I can't see where they would hide, or live.

Looking back at my clan, who are all looking happy and full, I let a little whine escape my mouth. Turning my head, I look at the wilderness beyond the camp. "It couldn't hurt to look." I grumble thoughtfully. The idea of having a large, powerful dragon like a Boneknapper in my clan eventually wins me over, so I patiently wait for everybody to go to sleep.

It doesn't take long. They all seem tired after today, seeing as we got no sleep the night before, and quickly retreat into their dens. Before Skurge goes to his den, though, our eyes meet and he nods and slithers into the hill. For a few moments, I gaze at the empty camp. The moon behind me casts my shadow over the area, sitting strong and proud.

Puffing out my chest, I give one last glance before turning around and taking off into the night sky. The cool breeze soothes my hot, aching muscles as I fly and the pressure of being a leader, although wonderful, vanishes. Sighing with relief, I soar over the uncharted land. It looks the same as it did when we first came here, but now it's just flat, without any hills.

Narrowing my eyes, I search for any signs of life. Of course, there're rodents and such, but that's not exactly what I'm looking for. So, I change tactics and prick my ears.

Hmm, nope, no sounds of dragons. But I can barely hear the distant trickling of a river far away.

Flying low to the ground so I can pick up a scent, I take a deep sniff. There's a faint musky smell, along with something else. It doesn't smell like prey, so I decide to follow it, flying low to the ground so I don't lose the trail.

The scent leads me on a winding path, but there're wide curves so it isn't very hard to follow. It excites me, though; wide curves must mean this thing can't make sharp turns, which means it's big.

As I fly, the scent grows stronger and stronger, and at one point I cross over a muddy area and see a few very large footprints. Thrilled, I fly even faster and soon find myself at the edge of a forest. Landing in front of it, I sniff the air again.

The musky smell is as strong as ever now, and I gag a little. Wrinkling my nose, I stare up at the forest.

It's full of dark, thick evergreen trees so tall they seem to touch the clouds. For a moment, I wonder why none of my clanmates or I could see this, but then a sudden shriek comes from the forest. Jumping in surprise, I'm about to fly when I realize that the forest is too thick to fly through so instead I plunge into it on foot, ducking low, underneath branches.

The noises grow louder and louder as I charge through the evergreens. They're starting to thin out, and there's more space in between them now. Suddenly, "What do you think you're doing?"

I skid to a halt at the edge of a clearing. Crouching underneath a tree, I watch the scene unfold before me.

Two male Boneknappers, both nearly as tall as the treetops, are facing each other in the clearing. One is clearly bigger than the other, and he looks angry. "You think you can just prance into my territory whenever you want?" he spits at the smaller dragon.

The other flinches but doesn't back away and instead gives him a stubborn look, "It was an accident, alright? I'm just passing

through."

"Dragons don't hunt in another's territory when they're 'passing through'." The bigger male snarls, "I'll teach you what happens to trespassers!" he lunges at the intruder and snaps at his neck. The other dragon dodges and then moves to attack.

The bigger dragon tries to move away but the other manages to snag a few of his teeth on his neck. Immediately he bites harder and the bigger dragon tries to wriggle out of his grip, "Geroff me! Let me go!"

He thrashes his head from side to side and then suddenly bites the intruder's wing. The smaller male shrieks and lets go, a few of the other's bones from his armor falling from his mouth. Struggling to get out of the bigger male's grip, the intruder pulls and tugs his wing, but that seems to only make it hurt more. Finally, his attacker lets him go and then bites his chest. He doesn't hang on this time, but continues to bite, scratch, and nip the trespasser.

After a long beating, the intruder yowls, "Okay, okay, I'll leave! I'm going, alright?"

He scrambles away and darts into the forest, knocking the branches off of trees in the process. Immediately, I take off after him, prowling underneath the trees and staying to the shadows. He shambles noisily as he runs, while as I barely make a sound, like a wind blowing through the forest.

At one point he leaps over a wide river, and I give myself an extra flap as I do the same. After that, he seems to calm down a bit and slows down into a walk. Guessing that he's out of the other Boneknapper's territory, I also slow down.

We walk for a little while, me keeping a couple of Nightmare lengths away and absolutely silent. The trees start to turn into pines, and once again I wonder why we didn't find this place. "Grumpy old grouch." My ears prick up and I hear him grumble, "'You think you can just prance into my territory whenever you want?' \_obviously not! That reckless, annoying, stupidâ€¦!"

I decide to interrupt. Hidden in the shadows underneath a thick evergreen, I say, "You shouldn't have given in so easily."

The Boneknapper jumps in surprise and whips his head towards me, "Who's there?" When I don't answer, he gazes around himself, looking for the voice, "Show yourself!"

I quickly leap into another tree silently and say, "You could've proven yourself to him if you'd done a few right moves." Once again, he whips his head around, trying to find out who or what is talking. "What would \_you\_ know about fighting? Who \_are\_ you?"

Silently, I leap into another tree. "For now, merely a voice in the wind." I rumble, "You don't seem to have a territory, do you?"

"No." the male snaps quickly, swiveling his head around, looking for me, "But so what? I like to keep moving."

"That's exactly what me and my friends are doing." I say after moving

again, "But I don't think that's the real reason why you don't have a territory. You couldn't defend it, could you?"

The Boneknapper chuffs and tosses his head, "Says who?"

"Me. I can tell, and what happened back there proved it."

"Alright," he claws the ground with his foot and whips his head around, "you better show yourself right now. Nobody spies on me and gets away with it."

I ignore what he says and moves to another tree, "You would do much better if you had training and fought with other dragons."

He stops and narrows his eyes, "Other dragons? What do you mean?"

I'm about to jump into another tree and answer, but then I get another idea. Slowly, I crawl down the tree headfirst and prowl out into the open, taking long, slow strides that show off my sharp, gleaming claws. Immediately, he whirls around towards me. He lets out a small gasp of shock and takes a step backwards, "W-wh-whatâ€¦ \_are\_ you?"

Fixing him with an intense gaze, I lift my head proudly and proclaim, "I am Frostbite, and I am the leader of my clan." I falter a bit before I say 'my clan'. We're going to have to choose a name for it.

Taking a few steps forward, I say, "We're just staying here for one night, but I chose to come to this island because I heard there were big dragons here. You stand out above all the other dragons on this island, and have just the right personality and experience that we need. You would be useful to my clan, and would be greatly appreciated. Think about it, because the opportunity will only come once, but would you like to join my clan?"

The Boneknapper stares at me. I keep the same intense gaze, waiting patiently. He looks like he's mulling it over in his head. Then, he gives himself a shake and says, "Er- tell me the benefits of thisâ€¦and explain the fighting alongside other dragons."

I nod and proceed to tell him about clan life, "Well, I'm the leader, my deputy is a Whispering Death called Skurge, and my delta is a Skrill called Zylah. The rest of the clan has rankings. The two below the high hierarchy are the nursery queens and the healer, Dracen, the Changewing. But that probably doesn't matter to you. The other clan members are separated into two rankings; the hunters are called Claws and the fighters are called Fangs. Then, at the bottom of the pile, the lowest ranking, is the omegas. They gnaw out maps of the territory on bones, make battle armor, do dirty work, and eat last. Though they have the lowest ranking, they are very important to a clan, just as everybody else.

All the dragons have each other's backs whenever one is in danger. They're ready to lay down their lives for one another. Together, we're one of the strongest forces in the world. We protect each other and care for each other. The Claws make sure everyone has enough to eat, and the Fangs patrol around to make sure nothing will attack us." I pause and let that all sink in, "And that's the best I can do

to describe it. But honestly, there's no better feeling than knowing that you're safe, full, and have an entire clan to rely on."

He continues to stare at me, but now his gaze is softer and he's slowly nodding his head. "I see," he mutters, "That is very tempting. A-and I can learn how to fight better? And we'll be safe on an island that is ours? Just ours? And I won't have to go to sleep hungry?"

I nod to every one of his questions. His face lights up and he licks his chops. "Tempting," he says again, "Very tempting. It does get lonely sometimes."

I grin and ask, "So it's a yes?"

He makes a thoughtful rumbling sound, "Hmm, alright, sure. But as long as I can be a Fang."

Bowing into a playful position, I look up at him happily, "Thank you, thank you, you will be greatly appreciated. What is your name?"

"Skull."

I stand up. What a surprise.

**\*\*Before you go, I have drawn a picture of Frostbite on deviantart. Just go to my profile and you will see my username. Just in case you want to see how Frosty looks to me.\*\***

## 10. Introductions, Hunting, and Crazy Sc

**\*\*Hey, before you start reading, I have something to say. Thank you very much to Guest A for bringing this up to I can warn you guys. Guest A was wondering where this was heading, and it just hit me! None of you guys know what I have planned in my crazy mind, so these last few chapters have been rather boring! \*\***

**\*\* These next few chapters are mainly for building up to what's going to come, so please bear with me! I promise, by chapter 12 or 13, things will be getting more interesting. Okay, that's it. Now on with de chappie!\*\***

### Chapter 10

#### Introductions, Hunting, and Crazy Scauldrons

I wearily blink my eyes open. Sunlight flows into my large hollow, warming my bones and making me want to go back to sleep. Yawning, I stand up and walk outside. I arch my back and stretch, purring happily.

It's late morning, and the sun is almost at midpoint. A few dragons are awake, including Aquamarine, Sawyer, Dracen, and Whiplash, and they're all talking idly as the sun warms their scales. They look at me as I walk down to meet them.

"Good morning." I dip my head in a greeting and they all sleepily smile. "Morning, Frosty." Dracen yawns, showing off his pointy teeth

while the sun makes his scales look gold. I smile and settle down next to him, "What's up?"

"Not much," he says, "Nice morning, though, right? A good day for flying. Lots of prey will be out, so we can fill up and then continue."

"Good."

Aquamarine purrs, "Yeah. And I bet the water won't be too cold, just nice and cool. Who's up for a nice ocean breeze?"

The dragons rumble in agreement. I look up as Skurge appears at the top of the hill and beckon him over with a whish of my tail. He slithers over and flops down next to me. Purring, I lean against him and in a few moments my deputy is gently snoring. Whiplash snickers softly, covering his mouth with his tail.

I make small talk with the group, occasionally joining in but mostly watching the rest of the clan wake up and walk out of their dens. They all yawn sleepily, and I patiently wait for them to wake up and smell the hidden Boneknapper on the other side of the hill.

Skull and I decided that he would come to the camp in the morning. I can smell him now. But the others don't recognize his sharp, musky scent as the wind carries it over the camp. Laying my head on my paws, I watch my friends intently.

Dracen looks a little confused, whilst Sawyer's head is high in the air. They don't say anything, though. Aquamarine's eyes are darting around suspiciously, but it's Whiplash who finally decides to ask, "Do you guys smell that?"

They all nod feverishly and he stands up. He makes a move towards the hill, but Crag, Misty, and Skyflame are already climbing to the top of it. When they do, they raise their heads and sniff the air. Then, Crag mutters something to the two sisters and then he and Skyflame crawl down the hill on the other side. Misty watches them anxiously. Suddenly, there's a loud yowl of surprise and she turns around and runs back to the camp, Crag and Skyflame hard on her heels.

By now, all the dragons are awake and staring at them wide-eyed. Misty reaches me first and skids to a halt, spraying pebbles on Skurge and me. He jerks awake and lifts his upper body up. Unfortunately, I was still leaning on him so I fall to my side. Quickly getting up, I look at the three dragons as Skurge asks, "What's wrong?"

"There's this huge dragon down there!" Misty exclaims, her eyes wide, "I have no idea what it was, but it was covered with bones and had crazy long teeth!"

"It was a Boneknapper!" Crag says, "We've got to organize an attack quickly; it might come and eat us and-"

He stops when he sees that I'm chuckling softly. "W-what?" he asks in confusion.

I catch my breath and prowl to the hill, "It's okay. Skull won't hurt anyone; I invited him to join our clan last night."



They look at me in confusion and follow me along with the rest of the clan. I stop at the base of the hill. "Come on, Skull." I call out sweetly, "I'll introduce you to everyone."

My clan waits anxiously beside me and a few moments later, Skull appears at the top of the hill, looming over us. Everyone gasps, some in fear and some in awe, and he starts to walk down the hill. I notice that he has something in his mouth. When he reaches the base of the hill everybody moves away to give him space.

Skull looks at me and drops his burden at my paws. It's an adult male elk. "Hello, Frostbite." The Boneknapper rumbles, "I brought some prey for the clan so they have enough energy for today."

I sniff the large game and then bark to Skurge, "Bring this to Fernheart. Dracen and Zylah will share with her and the hatchlings. There will be enough." He nods and grabs the elk by its hind leg and drags it over to the mother, who is crouching with the baby dragons under her wings and staring up at Skull.

"I didn't know there was large prey like elk on this island." I say to Skull. He looks amused and says, "You can find a lot if you know where to look."

I purr and say, "Well, thank you. How 'bout you introduce yourself to the clan?"

He looks down at the dragons, who are starting to warm up to him, and says, "I am Skull, a Boneknapper. I hope I can be accepted by this clan and join you on your quest to find a territory."

Nobody moves for a few moments, and then Whiplash trots up, "Hey, my name is Whiplash, I'm a Fang. Nice to meet you, Skull."

I purr again, proud of my student. After that, many more dragons boldly introduce themselves to the huge, skeleton-like dragon. Turning around, I walk towards Fernheart, who is eating the elk with Dracen and Zylah. There seems to be enough for all, and the six hatchlings are busy trying to eat the head. One of the Changewings, who was tugging on the ear, suddenly loses her grip and tumbles to my feet.

I smile down at the youngster and tickle her belly with a claw, "Hullo little Brook. Do you like the elk that Skull brought?"

Brook giggles and squeaks, "Elky, elky, yum yum yum!"

I laugh and nudge her back to her siblings. Fernheart, Dracen, and Zylah are watching me, amused. I pad towards them and say, "How is it?"

Dracen licks his chops and says, "Delicious! I'm starting to like that Boneknapper."

"Same here." Fernheart says through a mouthful of flesh. Zylah, who only had a couple of bites, takes a step back and says, "You should eat first, Frostbite. I'll take a hunting patrol to the beach, if that's okay with you. There're probably pelicans and other marine life there."

I nod and take her place, "Thank you. And tell Skurge to arrange a few more hunting parties. Don't forget to take a Fang with you."

She nods and walks away. I hungrily bite the elk's hind leg. "So," Dracen says, stripping a piece of meat from the game's chest, "where did you find Skull?"

I crunch the hind bone and reply, "Saw him in a forest a bit away from here. Smelled him first. He was getting chased out of another Knapper's territory. Didn't have one himself so I persuaded him to join us. Agreed pretty quickly."

Fernheart makes a rumbling sound in her throat and we continue to eat in silence. I hear Skurge snapping out orders to the Claws, and also hear him telling some Fangs to join them. I sniff and lie down, content with gnawing on the hoof of the elk.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see Skull shuffling around awkwardly. Lifting my head, I call, "Hey, Skull! Have you eaten yet?"

He looks at me and says, "I ate before I came."

Jerking my head, I think for a moment and then say, "How 'bout you join Zylah's hunting patrol at the beach, hm? You'll be able to snag birds out of the sky easily."

Skull nods excitedly and takes off towards the shore. I gaze around before continuing to scrape meat off of the game's leg bone. Fernheart is finished and is busy entertaining the hatchlings, who have left the skull of the elk bare.

Dracen is nibbling on a chunk of meat, but otherwise looks full. I quickly eat the rest of the leg, bones and all, and then take a bite out of the half-eaten belly. Swallowing the meat, I let out a content sigh and then stand up. There's a fair amount of scraps left, so I turn and look around.

Spotting the omega, I call him over. Sparrow looks up and trots over, "Yes, Frostbite?"

I step aside and say, "You can eat." He glances at me gratefully and then digs in hungrily.

I turn around and walk to Skurge. He's done giving out orders and is now gazing around quietly. I almost reach him when I suddenly feel a sharp pain on my tail. Whirling around with my teeth bared, I see that it's just one of Fernheart's hatchlings, Willow.

She bats at my tail playfully and I purr. Her sibling, Larksong, is crouching a bit away, watching her sister warily. I don't blame her. A giant white dragon with blood-like markings and bones on her claws—that's a bit intimidating.

Growling playfully, I face her and tease, "Rawr! I'm a wyvern! I'm gonna catch you and eat you for dinner!"

Willow squeals and flutters around. I chase her, but let her keep ahead of me. Suddenly, Larksong scrambles forward to stand by her sister, "Nuh uh! I'm gonna stop you!"

The young Timberjack lets out an adorable battle cry and leaps onto my head. Tiny, needle like claws dig into my scales but I ignore it and fall dramatically to my side, \_"Oh!"\_

Willow comes to her sister's aid and starts clawing at my stomach playfully, "Take that, you wyvern!"

"Yeow! Somebody save me from these fierce dragons!" I pretend to cry, twitching and jerking. Willow jumps onto my side and bites my wing, "Haha! You died now!"

Puffing out her chest, she yowls to the clan, "I have killed this mighty wyvern beastie!"

Laughing, I gently slide her off of me, "There're easier ways to kill, you know. You shouldn't spend your time clawing at stomachs and heads. You sho-"

I stop, catching Fernheart's eye, and then shake my head, "Nevermind. When you're eight months old, \_then\_ you'll learn. I shouldn't teach you now."

"Aww, please! That's two whole months away!" Willow pleads.

I shake my head again, "No, no. You don't need to know now."

"Yes we do!" Larksong persuades sassily, "What if a wyvern attacks us?"

"Then the Fangs will take care of it while you hide with your mother. But," I glance around, "I guess one move couldn't hurt."

They smile and are about to cheer but I quickly say, "Shh! Don't tell anyone!" The sisters nod and watch me eagerly. I take a step back, "Now this one will distract your enemy long enough for you to fly away. Since you are small, well, now anyways, you dodge your enemy's attack and quickly leap onto their back. Then," I draw in the air with my paws, "you cuff both of your paws over their ear holes really hard at the same time. That will make them deaf and you then fly away quickly."

"Wow!" Willow breathes in awe, and then lifts her wing paws to her head. "Don't try it on yourself!" I snap. Looking around, I say, "In fact, don't try it at all! You'll have your chance with your mentor. Now go back to your mother. Go on!"

I nudge them and they scramble away. Turning around, I see Skurge watching me. "What?" I ask sharply as I approach.

He turns his cheek and rumbles, "Nothing."

"No, come on!" I persuade, nudging him a little, "What is it?"

My deputy looks at me, amusement in his white eyes, and says, "You're good with hatchlings."

"So?" I give him a quizzical look.

"So," he continues, "soâ€| why don't you have some? Get a mate,

spread your offspring, extend your bloodline. They'll make great leaders an-

"Whoa whoa whoa," I stop him, "Why are you talking about this all of the sudden?"

He looks at me curiously, "You do want to last as long as possible, right? That's how. I'm just saying."

I shake myself and look back at Fernheart's youngsters, "It was just an instinct. And besides, they have to be as loyal as possible. We need them to be like that, so they'll be loyal to me no matter what. And anyways, I don't have time to care for hatchlings, or eggs. And there're no other Night Furies." I turn and give him a piercing look, "Now get back to work," I snap, "I don't want to hear from this ever again!"

I turn and stalk away. I can feel his gaze following me, making my spinal scales stand on edge. Looking over me shoulder, I snarl slightly at him before turning and bounding out of the camp.

When I'm far away enough, I slow down and head towards the beach. I've never felt offended and&|awkward. I don't know why I feel offended, or awkward. It's strange, and as he talked my heart had gotten cold and hard again, but with defense this time. I guess I just feel a little weird about the thought of having kids. I mean, it's okay if I see another female with children, but&| it just feels weird imagining me with some&| of my own.

I toss my head. Whatever, it's not happening anyways. There're no dragons that I'm interested in and there're no other Night Furies that I know of other than the pets on Berk.

A breeze picks up and blows towards me from the direction of the shore. It smells salty and I also smell something else. Trotting onward, I burst through the undergrowth and find the Claws.

There's a fairly large pile of prey nearby, which is guarded by Viperfang. All four of the Snaptrapper's heads swivel towards me as I approach and then nod. I sniff the pile of prey. There're pelicans, seagulls, sandpipers, and other shore birds, along with fish, but there's one strange that looks like a giant brown blubbery fish with whiskers.

Looking up, I see that the Claws are having a fantastic hunting day. Zylah is currently chasing after a flyaway seagull while Falcon and the male Nadder, Fireflight, are tormenting another one of the fat land fish. Ash is dragging a pelican towards the pile, walking backwards. And for the last dragon, Skull, even though he's going to be a Fang, is sticking his head in and out of the water. I walk up to him curiously.

I'm about to ask him what he's doing when his head suddenly resurfaces with a large fish in his jaws. Not like the strange brown land fish, but a normal one. He turns around and walks out of the water. Seeing me, he drops his fish and says, "Good hunting. I might even consider wanting to become a Claw."

I purr, "Choose wisely. You have time, but I'd like to know by the time we find our home."

The Boneknapper nods and picks up his fish. After disposing it on the pile, Zylah comes back with a seagull and Falcon and Fireflight come back with the strange land fish. Ash put the pelican on the pile.

"Hey, Frostbite," Ash says cheerfully, "Zylah said that these things," she gestures to the strange fish, "are called 'seals' and that they have a lot of meat to give us energy!"

"Wow," I reply, mildly interested. I nose the 'seal'. It smells salty like the ocean, and greasy, "Cool. Let's bring this prey back to camp. After eating we should leave," I glance up at the sun, which is at midpoint in the sky, "We're losing time."

"Right." Skull says, and then picks up both of the seals in his mouth. Zylah grabs her seagull along with a sandpiper. Falcon carries the large fish that Skull caught and Fireflight picks up two pelicans while Ash grabs a godwit bird and, surprisingly, a crab.

That leaves me to carry two medium sized fish. I scoop them up by their tails, and immediately a sharp, bitter taste lands on my tongue and I almost gag. Scrunching up my nose, I try to make the slimy fish not touch my tongue. I've never had fish, mainly because I just grew up eating land food, but I never imagined it to taste like \_this!

—

I grunt and run ahead of the group, eager to drop my burden. The Claws follow me, and Viperfang brings up the rear, looking for any danger. I tear through the undergrowth and soon enough, we reach the camp.

I force myself into a trot and drop the two fish on the prey pile, which is filled with land prey from one of the other hunting parties. The rest of the hunters do the same as I lick my paw to get rid of the awful fish taste. Ugh, how do dragons eat that stuff?

I watch as the Claws and Fangs wait for Skurge to pick his meal. He chooses one of the seals and a sandpiper, and then it's the Claw's turn to choose. I purr, happy that my clan has learned the eating method quickly.

Something out of the corner of my eye approaches me and I turn to see Sparrow the omega. He has the skull of the elk in his small jaws. "Can I bring this as we travel so I have something to map on?" he asks and I nod, "Of course. Good thinking."

The small omega bows his head and walks away. I look back at my clan. Viperfang, who is the lowest Fang in the ranking, has just taken a fish and a rabbit off of the now small pile and is settling down near Skyflame and her sister. Everyone else is eating or is done.

I walk to Dracen, who is licking his maw. "Gather your herbs," I say, "We're leaving soon."

The healer nods and says, "Alright. But I suggest that we take some of the leftovers," he jerks his head towards the prey, "in case the hatchlings get hungry. They're going to need every bit of food as possible if they are to grow up in new lands healthy."

I nod and look around. Viperfang could carry something, or Skull. Hmm, but I think it would be better if Skull were to carry the six hatchlings.

Walking over to Viperfang, I say, "You are going to carry the crab and the two mice," I jerk my head towards said prey in the pile, "as we travel for the hatchlings."

He opens his mouths as if he were about to object, but then thinks better of it and mumbles, "Yes, Frostbite."

"Good." I jerk my head and walk to the edge of the camp. Sitting down, I wait for my clan to finish eating. As I watch, Skurge comes and settles down next to me, soon followed by Zylah on my other side. I take a slow, deep breath and puff out my chest. This is the feeling that I love. Having two powerful dragons by my side to lead this clan, but when it all comes down, I'm the main leader.

Slowly, the dragons finish and crouch down in front of me. The last one to do so is Nightwhisper, but immediately after, I stand up, "Well, then. Let's go."

\* \* \*

><p>I am flying. Just flying. Over the open sea, with no land in sight.<p>

I sense that there are dragons around me, but I'm not surprised. I remember this from my dream.

The sound of beating hearts reaches my ears, strong and loud. They're evenly paced, but I can tell that there's many hearts beating. I close my eyes, listening to the sounds of my dragons as they fly. Their heartbeat. Their breath. Their wings flapping as they fly.

I feel their power as we fly. I can feel their loyalty in me. Their trust and determinedness to fight with me, for me.

I glance down and look at my clan in the reflection of the ocean. It surprises me, how species that usually hate each other are willing to get along, because of me.

To my right is my deputy, Skurge. He's looking straightforward, determinedness written on his face, like in the dream. Ash is flying on the other side of him, the same look on her face.

On my left is my delta, Zylah. The Skrill looks exactly like the others. Sawyer is flying next to her, and if I look closely, I can barely see Dracen on his other side.

Then, I remember what happened next in the dream and look down again. I don't gasp at my reflection like I did in the dream. The scars and my difference from other Night Furies is no surprise to me, and I like how I'm not like them.

Suddenly, the surface starts to bubble. I jerk my head back, confused. That never happened. The bubbles follow us as we fly. Skurge and Zylah notice too and look down. Signaling with my tail, I order everyone to slow down. The trail of bubbles does the same.

"What \_is\_ that?" Ash exclaims. I narrow my eyes. The bubbles abruptly stop and then a large head pops out. A Scauldron head.

She catches my eye and shrills playfully, floating on her back as we fly. Her scales are many shades of green, darker on top and lighter on her underbelly, with an aqua green horn on her nose and spinal scales. I also notice that the area of wing around her wing-claw is a bright golden color.

"Hello!" she squeaks happily, rolling back onto her belly and swimming normally. I hear Skurge sigh irritably and mutter, "Here we go."

"How are you doing today?" the Scauldron, maybe a bit younger than me, asks cheerfully, "Wonderful weather for warm waters, fishing, and playing!"

I flick my ears, inwardly wincing. Her voice is high-pitched. "I bet." I respond, resuming the previous flying speed. My clan follows me, but so does she. I decide to ask, "Do you know if there's land anywhere?" When we'd first left the Boneknapper Island, I had gotten a feeling that we should fly northwest. I don't know why, but I knew we had to. So we did. It's late afternoon now, not quite dusk, but close. The hatchlings ate the food that Viperfang had brought. I don't want them to get hungry again; we have to find land soon.

The Scauldron squeaks and nods, "Oh, yes! I forgot that you were land dragons for a moment! There's a beautiful island a bit away from here. You'll probably get there by morning; it's a little far away. What you'll do is keep going this way, and you'll come across a medium-sized island with a dark forest. From there, you go east for a while, and then you'll reach it. It's very big and pretty! I go there sometimes, but now there's a family of dragons there. They've only settled on one side, so maybe you can bring yourâ€¦."

She seems to realize that there are a lot of dragons following me. Narrowing her eyes, she asks, "Are you a clan?"

"Yes." I answer, "And I'm the leader."

"Oh," she breathes, "Well, maybe you can live on the other side. The family is strange, though. I don't think their eggs have hatched, but I do know that they're cross-breed."

Skurge tilts his head, "Cross-breed?"

The young female Scauldron nods feverishly, "Oh yes! A Deadly Nadder and a Gronckle!"

"What?" I exclaim, "Is that even possible?"

She nods, "Mmm, hm. But most don't do it because they don't want them or their children to be teased."

"Huh." I huff, looking away, "Well, thank youâ€¦?"

"Nixie!" she squeals, letting herself fall back from the clan, "And you are very welcome, leader of the clan of dragons!"

I rumble a goodbye and look forward again. Skurge lets out a breath of relief, "Oh thank the gods! She was annoying."

"She was helping," I purr, "And it's not her fault she's so energetic and high-pitched."

Zylah laughs softly as Skurge grumbles. Suddenly, Nixie appears underneath me again. "Oh!" she squeals, "I forgot!"

I look down and she says, "Don't spend the night at the island with the dark forest. There're bad dragons there that you don't want to mess with."

"What kind of bad dragons?" I ask curiously and she shrieks, "Skullions!"

I frown in confusion and she says, "It is true! They are real!" before disappearing under the water.

I look up as Skurge mutters, "Crazy waterlogged dragon!"

"What?" I ask.

"Skullions don't exist," he barks, "Everybody knows that! They're just stories that parents tell to their hatchlings to scare them into behaving good." I nod, once again angry that my mother never bothered telling me. Nate and Irria probably don't even believe in that story anymore.

Sighing, I pick up the pace and fly on.

**\*\*Is it just me, or does anyone else just \_love\_ Nixie?\*\***

## 11. Not So Mythical

**\*\*I thought I had already posted this chapter! Sorry it came a little late. But that explains why I got no emails or reviews...\*\***

### Chapter 11

#### Not So Mythical

\_Later\_

It's nighttime. Exhausted, I land wearily on the rocky shore of an island. It's the one with the dark forest that Nixie warned me about. The shadowy woods are fairly close to the shore, and I already feel wary.

Narrowing my eyes, I stalk to the edge of the forest while the rest of my clan lands. Sniffing a straggling plant, I pick up a harsh, cold scent. Frowning, I peer into the shadowy woods. I can barely see even a Changewing length into the darkness before everything turns pitch black. I take a step back and turn to my clan.

They're all tired, but they're helping one another. Fernheart's hatchlings are mewling and nipping hungrily at her. The exhausted mother simply sweeps them away from the shore and creates a tent with her wings. She puffs hot vapor on them through her nose to warm them



up, but the youngsters still complain about their hunger.

A growl from my own stomach makes me realize something important; how are we going to hunt here?

The forest is probably full of danger, and we might get lost in there. By now, everybody has landed and are staring up at the intimidating cluster of trees. Zylah glares at it and then asks loudly, "How are we going to hunt in there? It's a death wish!"

Many dragons rumble in agreement and I sit down. Thinking hard, I say, "We shouldn't stay here. It's too dangerous."

"But, Frostbite," Dracen says wearily, "we can't continue without sleep and food! We'll drop right out of the air!"

I nod, "I know, I know! Let me think!" Everyone watches me and I shut my eyes. Growling in frustration, I try to think of something. Suddenly, Skurge interrupts my thoughts, "Zylah, how 'bout we do our jobs and advise our leader?"

Yes! One of the beta and delta's jobs is to give advice to the leader! I nod and gesture them to come over. Huddling in a circle, I mutter, "Alright. What've you got, Skurge?"

The older dragon says softly, "I suggest a small group of Claws goes out into the forest, not too deep, with two of the best fighters. Meanwhile, the rest of us get ready to sleep on the shore. Then, after we each have at least a mouthful of something to eat, we sleep with two guards on watch."

"But we can't just send dragons into that-that- that's barely even a forest! That's a pathway to death!" Zylah hisses, "I'll go with them!"

"No!" I say, "I'll go. You guys stay here and keep an eye on the clan."

"What!?" Skurge and Zylah nearly shriek, "You're the leader! We need you and-"

I interrupt Zylah, "And what's a leader if she's not the best fighter? I'll be fine, and I can't stay behind knowing my clanmates could be in danger!"

"But-" Skurge begins but I cut him off, "No, Skurge. You're my deputy. You have to trust me with these things. If anything bad happens, which it won't, then you'll be more than capable of leading the clan."

They stay silent after that and I take a deep breath, "Alright. Thank you. And I agree with you plan, Skurge, but we'll be leaving at dawn."

"Fine." My deputy growls softly and I look at Zylah. She doesn't look happy at all, but simply turns around, "I'll organize the hunting group."

"Thank you." I say, following her.

The dragons look at us expectantly and Skurge slithers forward. I quietly sit at the edge of the forest and watch as he speaks loudly, "Frostbite will take a specific group of Claws and two Fangs into the forest to hunt. You are not to stray too far away from each other, and must be alert at all times. The Claws that will be going are Falcon, Fireflight, and Crag. The Fangs will be" he gazes around for good Fangs, "Misty and" Skull."

"What!?" Whiplash suddenly yowls, his eyes wide, "What about me? I'm one of the best fighters, I should be going in there with Fro-"

I interrupt him and growl, "Whiplash, you will respect my deputy's decisions, or you will take your complaints to me."

The Grapple Grounder attempts to glare at me, but then ducks his head and backs away. Skurge, now looking smug, says, "Alright, then. The dragons that I have called please step forward and join Frostbite at the edge of the forest."

The said dragons cautiously walk towards me, shooting wary glances at the dark mass behind me. I notice that Skurge chose bigger dragons that are better at fighting as well as hunting. When they're close enough, I say, "Alright, I want this to be quick. Do you hear me? In and out."

The nod feverishly and I turn around. The shadowy forest looms threateningly over us. Before I step in, I mutter with a flick of my tail, "Misty, Crag, flank me. Skull, bring up the rear. Falcon and Fireflight" stay close."

Immediately Misty and Crag are by my side. Taking a deep breath, I step into the shadows. Everything turns black almost instantly. I feel Misty and Crag press closer to me as I continue to walk. I try to use my nose to guide me, but all I can smell is the harsh, cold scent from earlier. However" the darkness seems strangely familiar"

Suddenly, a flicker of brown flashes past me and I hiss, "Falcon, rabbit to your left!"

The Typhoomerang leaps blindly to his left and squashes the large rodent. He quickly snaps its neck and staggers back to us. Misty swings her head around, "Frostbite, how did you see that? Everything is so dark and black"

Realization dawns on me and I say, "I was born in the Dark Cave on Outcast Island. I guess my eyes are used to this."

"Wow." Fireflight breathes in awe. I laugh softly, "So I guess I'm going to be your eyes for now."

We continue to walk in silence, trekking deeper and deeper into the forest. As we do, prey becomes more frequent. But the harsh scent becomes stronger. My eyes dart around cautiously, searching for the source.

Suddenly, a warm scent reaches my nose. I'm about to hiss, "Deer!" but Fireflight beats me to it. All the dragons perk up at this and takeoff after the game. My heart fills with dread as I chase after them. Above us, Skull reaches down with his large head and snaps up

the deer.

The Boneknapper kills it and the dragons let out soft cheers. "Good job, Skull!" Misty congratulates, "At least a few of us will have enough to eat!"

"No, you idiots!" I snap and they all fall silent, "We've gone off the trail! Now we can't follow out scents back to the clan!"

Their eyes widen in horror and Fireflight cries out, "Now what will we do!?"

"Calm down." Misty says, "You don't want to lead every predator out here to us!"

He snaps his jaws shut and looks around warily. Skull lifts his head high, trying to peek over the trees. "Can you see anything?"

"Not really." He rumbles, "I can't tell where the ocean is. But I think there's a plain over there."

He jerks his head behind us and we turn around. "Alright." I say, picking up a gopher I caught earlier, "Let's go there. Then we can fly out of here."

I turn around and stalk towards the direction Skull pointed to. I hear the rest of the group gather their catches and follow me. Misty and Crag once again flank my sides. "Why can't we just fly out now?" Crag asks and Misty snorts, "Well, obviously the trees are too close together. Our wings will be scraped by the branches and we probably wouldn't even make it out."

I make a rumbling noise to show that I agree. Crag grunts and we continue to walk. Eventually, the trees start to thin out, but the harsh scent is stronger than ever. The trees grow smaller and smaller and I can see a flat landscape in front of us. Nosing my way through the last few trees, I find myself on the edge of the forest.

I stop and take a deep sniff. The scent is still there, and now I can tell that it's bit musky and sharp.

The plain has many tall rocks and outcroppings, and the grass is dull but living. There's also a grey fog lying low to the ground. The moon and stars are shining high above us, making my eyes hurt because I was used to the darkness.

"Ahh." Fireflight sighs, walking ahead of me, "Light, sweet, light."

"Wow." Misty says, hopping next to him, "The moon looks so bright! We must've been in there for a while."

Skull yawns and lifts his head up; "I just want to get out of here as quick as possible." He stretches his neck, trying to see over the tall trees of the forest. Meanwhile, I'm still trying to locate the source of the scent. "Do you guys smell that?" I ask the hunting party.

"Smell what?" Falcon asks just as Misty says, "Yeah, I've been wondering what that was."

They look at each other, and then Misty shakes her head, "What do you think it is?"

"Not sure." I reply, looking around. The large stones seem strange, and it's eerily quiet. Growling softly, I mutter, "I'm gonna go check it out."

"Be careful." Skull, who is currently sniffing at a plant, says. The rest of the dragons say similar, and I nod before turning around. With my nose to the ground, I plunge into the fog. Almost immediately the scent grows even stronger than before. It's as if the thing is right here. For a moment I consider that it could just be the fog that I was smelling, but then-

Suddenly, something rams into me and knocks me off my feet. I yelp in surprise and look around for my attacker, only to see fog. Turning around, ready to run back to the group, I stumble to a halt when I see fog blocking my path.

I take a step backwards. How far did I go? I can't see anything!

A deep, gruff voice reaches my ears, "Are you in trouble?"

Immediately, I whip around towards the voice and have just enough time to see a huge black figure pounce on me and pin me down. I struggle under the weight of the gigantic beast. I can't look at it because the thing is on my back, pushing my head into the ground. Hot breath appears next to my ear and I hear the voice again, "Mmm, a lost dragon. Just my luck."

My eyes widen and I squirm even more. Getting an idea, I look at the outcropping near me and shoot a plasma blast at it. The rocks tumble down towards us and I feel my attacker jump off of me. Quickly, I get up and jump onto one of the fallen rocks. Turning around, I look at the predator.

The thing is about half the size of Skull, but black and purple and wingless. I also notice that the thing has no eyes.

It leaps at me, but I takeoff into the air. My attacker lands on the rock and turns around with surprising speed. "Oh no you don't!" he snarls, lashing out. His crazily long middle claw hooks my tail and I hiss in pain. Through all this, I faintly hear voices calling me.

"Frostbite! Are you okay?"

"We've gotta go in there!"

"Get out of there, Frostbite!"

"I can't see her!"

"Where are you?"

I growl and shoot a plasma blast at the thing's face. It stuns him and I quickly seize my advantage and fly away. From up above, I see Crag flying in the sky. He catches my eye and I dive down towards the

others.

"Frostbite!" Skull exclaims when I land, "What happened!?"

"Be ready!" I hiss, ignoring his question, "He's coming." The sound of heavy footsteps reaches my ears just as Falcon asks, "Who?"

The black beast bursts through the fog with his claws outstretched. My patrol gasps in horror and Fireflight exclaims, "Skullion!"

"What?" I snarl, looking wildly at him, "I thought Skurge said they were myths!"

"They're supposed to be, but- ahh!"

Three grey claws slice across his face and sends him staggering backwards. He falls on his side, but before the black thing can harm him further, Misty jumps in front of the fallen Nadder and shoots fiery sparks at the beast.

It stumbles backwards and I leap onto him. Digging my claws into his shoulder, I bite his neck. He bucks and jerks, trying to throw me off. Knowing that I can't hold on for long, I drag my claws through his flesh as I drop off of him. He shrieks in pain, but is silenced by Skull sending a heavy blow to the side of his head.

The brute jumps backwards, dodging all our other attacks. He turns around and flees a few dragon-lengths before facing us again. I growl and crouch down, ready to spring, when, to my surprise, he sits down calmly.

Tilting his head, he asks, "What are you?"

"I could ask the same about you," I hiss, "As far as I've heard, Skullions don't exist-"

"No," he interrupts me, "I mean, what are you, as in all of you. You fight together, and I can smell that you're different types of dragons. Very different, so you couldn't possibly be littermates."

"We're a clan!" Misty snarls, jumping a bit closer to him, "That means we have someone to rely on in battle, we're protected, not starving, and we have a family. And most of all, we have honor and respect in our clan, no matter what ranking! And you've just angered some of the best hunters and fighters in our clan, including the leader. So get ready for a-"

"Excellent!" the beast says, standing up, "I'd like to join."

"What!?" we all exclaim at the same time.

"You hear me." he says, "I want to join."

Everybody looks at me. I lift my chin, taken aback. Stepping forward, I say, "A few moments ago, you were trying to rip our guts out. What makes you think that we'll welcome you into our clan?"

The black brute puffs out his chest, "I'd be a powerful ally. I'm good at fighting, even though I can't see, but I can smell and hear really well. Now I know what you're thinking," he says to the others, whose mouths are open as to say something, "Skullions are supposed to be deaf, but we're evolving. Not many are born with my ability. Heck, not many are born at all. So, I think I'd be useful to you and-

"Hold it!" I interrupt him, "Why do you even want to be in a clan? You're probably used to living alone."

"Well, it does get lonely sometimes," he replies, "And we all remember Red Death's clan. It was powerful, and even though she was evil, she made a powerful clan. You guys fight together, so your leader must be kinder to you than Death was. I want to be part of that power, and everything you just said," he nods towards Misty, "makes it sound even better. And," he dips his head in a sort of embarrassed way, "I'd really do anything to get off of this wretched island."

I tilt my head and gaze at him, thinking deeply. With a flick of my tail, I gesture for my patrol to huddle around me.

"I don't know," Fireflight says uncertainly, "This might be a trick."

"Yeah," Misty agrees, "I mean, we will be leading him to the hatchlings. For all we know he could eat them while we sleep."

I lower my voice, "But he would make a fantastic Fang or Claw. I mean, look at him! He's large, strong, and snuck up on me easily. Although, I do agree that this could be a trick."

"Well," Falcon says, "Skurge did mention that there would be two guards at while we sleep. And," he pauses to snort, "do you really think he'll be able to get past an angry Fernheart?"

We all laugh softly.

"No," Misty giggles, "Not without waking up at least half of the clan. Or the island."

We laugh again, but then sober up. "Alright," I say, "So, how will we even get him off the island?"

"Yeah," Crag says, "Skullions can't swim. Or fly."

"I can carry him." Skull says, "We're already close to the island that- what was it, Nixie? -told us about." I purr and ask, "You sure? He might be heavier than he looks."

"I can do it," he assures, "But the hatchlings will have to ride someone else."

"I can carry them," Falcon says, flapping his wings, "I'm big enough."

"Okay then!" I say and look at them all, "So do we agree?"

Misty and Fireflight look at each other, and then Misty nods,

"Alright. As long as someone keeps an eye on him for the first few days."

I look at the other Nadder, and he mutters, "Fine."

Crag paws at the ground thoughtfully, "Hmm, I agree with Misty. As long as there's someone watching."

"I'm fine with it." Skull says.

"Same here." Falcon agrees and I nod, "Okay. Let's go tell him."

We turn back to the Skullion. He sits up andâ€|well, doesn't look at us. I open my mouth to speak, but he raises his tail before I can say anything, "I heard all of it. Losing one of your senses really makes the others sharper. And don't worry, I won't eat any baby dragons."

I blink, a little surprised, and then ask, "Alllrrriight, so what's your name?"

"Solheart."

\* \* \*

><p><em>Nate's POV<em>

"Come on, Zahra!" I call playfully over my shoulder, "You're being as slow as a Gronckle!"

The beautiful Deadly Nadder, Zahra, is a few Terrible Terror lengths behind me. Like her mother, Stormfly, Zahra's scales are aqua blue, but instead of a brownish red color near her wing claws that fade into her main color, it's a bright golden. Also, her belly and underwings are a light shade of green. If you ask me, she's the pure definition of beautiful.

"I'll show you who's slow!" she jeers. She strokes her wings harder and soon catches up with me. I grin mischievously and she laughs. Suddenly-

"INCOMING!"

Something rams into my back and knocks the air out of me. Yowling, I turn in mid fall and see Griffin, a Monstrous Nightmare. He's the son of my mom's friend, Hookfang. Unlike his father, he is much like Snotlout.

Growling playfully, I surge upwards towards him and butt him in the stomach with my head. He 'oofs' and whacks me with his tail. I land a soft blow on his chest with sheathed claws but suddenly he grabs me in the middle with his hind legs.

While he bats at me with his wing claws, the Nightmare roars to Zahra, "Don't worry! I'll protect you from this Night Fury! Then after that maybe we can-"

He's interrupted when I jab him in the stomach with my paw. Backing away from me a bit, he bares his teeth. Then, "Race you to the mountain. May the best dragon win!"

Then, he whirls around and zips towards the main mountain. I pause for a moment, before realizing and flying after him. Griffin is fast, but I know that I'm faster.

Flapping my wings in the angle that my mother taught me, I quickly catch up to him. Then, after a few moments, I zoom past him. I aim for the top of the mountain and then land perfectly.

"Hey!" Griffin snarls, "Not fair! You got a head start!"

"Did not!" I growl, affronted, "You did!"

"Liar! If you hadn't cheated I would've won!"

"I didn't cheat! You did, but I beat you because I'm faster!"

"Did not!"

"Did too!"

"Did not!"

"Did too!"

"DID NOT!"

"Pff, males."

We both turn to see Zahra and her Gronckle friend, Izzy. They're both watching us, amused. "Why are they so competitive?" Zahra laughs.

I'm about to jump down to them and say something when my mother calls me, "Nate! Come over here!"

Griffin smirks at me and says, "You better fly back to your momma, Eggy."

I scowl and takeoff towards the village. When I arrive, my parents walk over to me. Behind them is a black and purple Irria.

I roll my eyes and sigh, "What happened?"

"Irria and her friends decided to play with berries. They wrapped up a bunch of berries in a sticky leaf and tossed it around. When one of her friends flipped it with their tail towards her, the whole thing just burst open and exploded on her."

Toothless nudges Raven as she finishes and then says, "We need you to take your sister to a river to wash off."

"Why can't she just lick it?" I ask, already not wanting to do what my parents said.

"Because," Toothless looks at Irria, "they were Nightshade berries."

My eyes widen and I snort, "Brilliant, Irria, good job."



She sticks her tongue and I laugh, "Okay, fine. I'll take her."

"Good." Raven says and then she and Toothless walk away. Irria and I look at each other and I can't help but crack a joke, "You look like a Skullion."

She wrinkles her nose and then rears up on her hind legs, "Rawr! I'm gonna eat you!"

"Yeah, here's my worried look." I put on a bored face, "Oh no. help."

My sister snickers and then starts chasing me. I laugh and run into the forest, "Oh no! The mythical Skullion is going to eat me! What do I do?"

When we reach a stream, I turn around and say, "Well, I could-"

I lurch forward and grab her shoulders, "-drown it!" Then, I push her towards the water. She laughs and falls into the stream. The juice washes off of her as I splash and attack her.

"Okay, okay!" Irria yowls, now soaked. I continue to splash, but then, I get an idea and start tickling her.

"Ahh! Ple-he-hes staph! I'm gonna pe-he-he!"

I grin, and then start tickling her neck.

A shrill shriek rings through the forest.

**\*\*Do dragons pee? Do reptiles pee?\*\***

**\*\*Okay, for all those httpd super geeks out there, I realize that Skullions can only smell. I just really wanted a Skullion in the clan, but I needed some way for Frostbite to communicate with him.  
\*\***

**\*\*Also, super big thanks to mr abomination for giving me awesome ideas for this story! I'll tell you guys about it when the time comes, but until then...\*\***

**\*\*Ciao! \*\*(I don't think I spelled that right)**

## 12. The Bloody Moon

### Chapter 12

#### The Bloody Moon

The trees blur around me as I run. Paw steps surround me, but I keep on chasing the shadowy tail. It whizzes between trees as fast as lightning, it's owner knowing the forest like the claws on his paw. I reach out with both of my paws, curving my spine as I dig them into the earth and then push off with my hind legs. I can't see anything except the tail. If it escapes my sight, I could be lost in these dark woods for-

"Ow!" Something stumbles beside me and I slow down a bit. The male Deadly Nadder, Fireflight, is on his chest while he flaps his wings frantically. I stop, along with the rest of the hunting party, and turn to him. Misty is already helping him up.

"What happened?" she asks, looking down at his leg. I notice that it has various scratches and scrapes. "I got caught in a Hawthorne bush!" he whimpers, lifting his injured leg off the ground a little.

As Misty bends down to check it, I look around. The tail is gone, but instead a face replaces it. "What happened?" Solheart asks, and then sniffs the air, "I smell blood."

"It's alright." I reply, "Fireflight got snagged in Hawthorne, that's all."

Skull, the Boneknapper, drops a deer he was carrying and says, "I can carry him on my back."

"Thanks." The Nadder thanks wearily and climbs up his skeletal armor. I sniff the deer and then look at Solheart, "You should carry this. The clan will be more welcoming if you bring prey."

He nods and picks up the carcass. Turning around, he continues to lead us through the forest. The rabbit that I caught makes my mouth water as I carry it, but I know that my clan needs it more than me. We're almost at the camp anyways.

The Claws Crag, Falcon, and Fireflight are all burdened with their own prey that they've caught in this dark forest. I can tell that everyone's itching to get out of these woods. It's so dark that we couldn't see a thing when we first walked into it. But we had to feed our clan, so I led them along with two Fangs into the woodland.

Speaking of clan, I can hear them now. Silently running to catch up to Solheart, I stop him with my tail. He swivels his head towards me and I whisper, "Let me go first."

The Skullion nods and I step out of the shadows.

My deputy, Skurge, is slithering around a large shallow dip in the ground along with Whiplash. Inside the dip, many dragons are sleeping. There's a fire crackling in the middle, and they're all curled up around it.

Skurge stops when he sees me, but before he can slide towards us, Whiplash charges past him. The young Grapple Grounder skids to a halt in front of me and exclaims, "You're back! And you found prey! Good job, guys, I knew you co-"

His eyes widen in surprise as I feel Solheart come up behind me. I glance over my shoulder and see him shuffling his feet uncertainly. I jerk my head, but then remember that he can't see and nudge him gently. The Skullion nods and slowly walks up to Skurge, who has caught up to Whiplash. He lowers his head and drops the prey in front of the beta.

Skurge glances at it, and then looks at me. I nod my head and stand

next to Solheart, "This is the newest member of our clan, Solheart."

He looks at the wingless dragon, surprised, and then asks, "I thought Skullions were myths."

I purr and reply, "Same here. But he's proved himself, and we've decided to let him join the clan."

Skurge nods slowly and mutters, "Welcome to the clan." I shoot him a small glare and say, "You and Whiplash go to sleep. I'll get two others to keep guard."

He and Whiplash walk down into the hollow, but not without Whiplash looking over his shoulder multiple times until Skurge cuffs him on the side of his head.

I pick up my rabbit and start a pile, right outside of the sleeping area. The rest of the Claws do the same and so does Solheart, except Fireflight goes to Dracen first to get healed. I nod to them, and then say to Solheart, "Make yourself at home."

He purrs quietly and I stumble wearily down to the hollow. Exhausted, I quickly wake up Skyflame and Aquamarine, explain Solheart to them, and then curl up next to Skurge and quickly fall asleep.

Morning

A scream reaches my ears and I jolt awake.

Scrambling to my paws, I see Amber on her side with Solheart looming over her. Panic flares in me as I watch the huge black dragon bend his head down to her. Letting out a fierce snarl, I bound towards them and jump in front of her.

Solheart jerks his head back in surprise and I raise my hackles. \_"What are you doing?"\_ I hiss.

He takes a step backwards and says, "Nothing! I was sleeping and she just screamed!"

"What is that?" Amber exclaims, terror in her eyes. I look at her, and then realization dawns on me; seeing a terrifying dragon must've scared the scales off of her when she woke up.

By now, everybody's awake and in a battle stance. Viperfang and Dagger are positioned in front of Fernheart and the hatchlings, looking ready to murder.

Right as Zylah prepares to pounce, I stand in front of Solheart and say, "Wait, wait! It's okay, he's with us!"

Zylah gazes at me in confusion and then narrows her eyes at the Skullion. Amber scrambles to her feet, "What do you mean?"

I sigh and say, "Last night, while we were hunting, we came across Solheart. He proved himself worthy of joining our clan, and I have accepted him."

Everybody looks at me with disbelieving eyes. Solheart steps forward and says, "I'll try my best to earn your trust and my place in the clan" and I look forward to hunting and fighting alongside my clanmates."

Murmurs ripple through the crowd, but Skurge soon interrupts them, "Enough! Let's eat and get going!"

The dragons perk up at the mention of food. Zylah walks towards the prey pile and states, "Well, it's not enough so that everyone's full, but it'll do." She takes a step back from it and pauses. Nobody makes a move to the food. It takes a few moments to realize that they're waiting for me.

Stalking over to it, I snap up a deer leg and pad away. Settling down, I gnaw on the flesh as I watch Skurge go and take the rabbit I caught. He lies down next to me and now it's Zylah's turn to eat.

After her it's Dracen and Fernheart. They mutter to each other, and then drag the deer back to the hatchlings. Dracen barks something to Sparrow and he nods vigorously. Then, the healer and the mother dig in, with the omega lying down a bit away from them, looking fervent.

I purr, crunching the leg bone with my strong jaws as I watch the rest of my clan take their share, knowing their order. A few moments later, everyone's eating contently in the soft dawn sunlight.

A yowl comes from the edge of the area and I jerk my head towards the sound. Willow and Larksong seem to have finished eating and are now play fighting. The four Changewing orphans are watching the older hatchlings eagerly. I sniff, looking at the Timberjacks. Everyday they're growing bigger and bigger. The two siblings may be only six months old, but they look like they're a year old due to the natural size of their kind. The thought comes to me that they're going to need mentors soon. The Changewings still have four months to go 'till they are ready to be apprentices, but the two siblings only have two months. By the time we've fully settled down in our territory, they'll be ready.

I gaze around the camp. Hmm, who will be their mentors? My thoughts are interrupted by Skurge clearing his throat. "So," my deputy says, lowering his voice, "I was wondering, since we're heading to good land- I mean, we're probably going to settle there, right? Well, I was wondering" he pauses and I lick the remains of the deer leg, waiting for him to continue, "When are we going to get our revenge on Be-"

A loud squeak interrupts him. I jump to my feet and see the Scauldron, Nixie, coming on to the shore. "Aha!" she squeals, "I knew you would stay here, even when I told you not to!"

Everybody looks at her and I walk over to the waterlogged dragon, "Look, I-"

"Why would you lie to me?" she shrills, "Even after I helped you!"

I raise my red paw, "Okay, look. First of all, I never promised you that we wouldn't stay here. Second, we were all tired and couldn't

fly any further. Third, what's so bad about this island other than the spooky forest? And fourth, what are you doing here?"

Nixie crawls fully onto the island so that only her tail is touching the water, "I told you! There are bad dragons here. I wanted to see if you stayed away like I told you to. And I also wanted to come with you on your journey to the good island and-"

Right then, Solheart stands up and she catches sight of him. Her amber eyes widen and her pupils turn to slits. "SKULLION!" she shrieks and dives back into the water with surprising speed.

"Oh great," Sol mutters, walking over to us, "A \_Scauldron\_. Really?"

I tilt my head, confused, "Are Skullions and Scauldrons enemies?"

"You could say that. A lot of us find them annoying."

"That makes two of us." Skurge grumbles, slithering to us. I look at him and then back at the ocean. Nixie's head pops out a few moments later and lets out a squeak of fear at the sight of Solheart.

"What are you waiting for?" she asks me, "Fly away before he eats you!"

I shake my head and say, "It's alright, Nixie. He's nice." She gives me a disbelieving look but swims a bit closer.

"Really?" she asks, narrowing her eyes.

Solheart sighs irritably, and if he had eyes, I bet he would've rolled them. To my surprise, though, he bends down next to the water and says, "Yes. I am a good dragon."

"Okay!" Nixie squeaks cheerfully and we all jerk our head back in surprise, "I'm Nixie! What's your name?"

"Erâ€|Solheart."

"Nice to meet you, Solheart!" Skurge and I glance at each other in confusion. A few seconds ago, Nixie was terrified of him, and now, she's acting like nothing happened. I shake my head and step in front of the Skullion.

"Back to the topic," I say, "What are you doing here?"

She squeaks and comes up on land next to me, "I told you! I want to come with you to the island!"

I tilt my head, "You mean, you want to be a part of this clan?"

"Yes!" she squeals right as Skurge snaps, "No!"

They look at each other, and then Skurge says, "Look, kid, you seem nice, but we don't need another mouth to feed."

"Oh please, please, please!" Nixie pleads, "I can hunt! I can bring

seafood to your clan! Oh please, please, please, please!" As she keeps on saying "please" Skurge and Solheart give me a look of pure annoyance. I purr, thinking about how Nixie is like a hatchling and males can't handle them.

"please, please, please, please, pleeeeeeease?!" Skurge is about to snap at her when six bundles of scales tumble past him. In a blink of an eye, they leap onto Nixie. She lets out a surprised squeal that probably permanently damaged my eardrums, but then realizes what's attacking her. Purring, she falls onto her side, "Oh please! Don't kill me!"

A small tail whacks her nose. "Take that, intruder!" Larksong jeers, "You're no match for the best Fangs in BraveClan!" I cock my head. BraveClan?

"Hiya!" Willow yowls, clawing at Nixie's large belly. The four younger hatchlings-Brook, Adder, Poppyseed, Wildfang- are darting in and out to nip at her, but let the siblings do most of the attacking.

"Please, no more!" Nixie squeals and I purr. The hatchlings seem to like her. Suddenly, Wildfang, the more outgoing of his siblings, lets out a cute battle cry and leaps onto the Scauldron's neck, sinking his tiny teeth into her. "Ahh!" she pretends to cry, "Alright, I give in to you brave fighters!" They stop, and Larksong asks, "Do you promise you won't attack us?"

"Promise."

The hatchlings leap off of her. Willow scrambles over her sister, much to her displeasure, and skids to a halt at my feet. "Did you see that, Frostbite?" she asks, jumping up and down, "We fought off that dragon that was gonna kill you!"

"Yes," I purr, "Very good."

"Yay! Can we start training now? We defeated the intruder all by ourselves! Please, can we be apprentices now?"

Larksong jerks her head over and flutters to us, "Yeah. I want to learn real battle moves! And I'm great at flying!" To prove this, she flaps her large wings and makes it two feet in the air before dropping down.

I shake my head and say, "Sorry, you know the rules. You have to be eight months old."

"Aww."

"But that's two whole months away!"

"CHILDREN!"

We all cover our ears at Fernheart's shriek. "Don't bother Frostbite when she's busy!" the mother scolds, sweeping her children away. As she passes, she gives me an apologetic look and I jerk my head.

Taking a deep breath, I look back at Nixie, "So, you wanted to join

our clan?"

\* \* \*

><p>"We're almost there! Look, see! It's right ahead of us!"<p>

Skurge groans in annoyance and I laugh, "Now I understand why you don't interact with the hatchlings. You can barely handle other dragons!"

He rolls his eyes, but doesn't respond. It's late morning now, and the newest member of the clan, Nixie, is below us, swimming in the water and leading us to the island. I can see it now, and it seems large enough for my clan.

There're a bunch of jagged cliffs and crags on one end, and the other end just melts into a beach. From all the green there, I can tell there's a forest and just beyond that I think I can see some plains. Overall, it looks like a wonderful place to live.

"Come on guys." I call over my shoulder, "We're almost there."

"Good." Larksong, who is flying next to her sister, says, "Cuz I'm bored." The two siblings had insisted on flying instead of riding on their mother's back. They seem to be doing a pretty good job, but Willow looks tired.

I purr and look back at the island.

"Hey, Frostbite." Zylah calls, "What's that?"

She jerks her head towards the cliffs on the island. Narrowing my eyes, I can see a few shapes moving in a large sheltered crag. "Ahh," Nixie says, "Those are the dragons I mentioned."

I tilt my head. They could either be allies, or could just get in my way. Looking around, I say, "Zylah, bring everyone to that clearing there, near the cliffs. Skurge, Whiplash- come with me." I make sure to pick the more ferocious dragons in the clan. I would've brought Skull or Solheart, but Solheart can't fly and Skull is busy carrying him.

Zylah nods and barks at everyone to follow her. Flicking my tail, I speed up and fly towards the cliffs, with Skurge and Whiplash at my heels. As we get closer, I can see that they are two dragons- a female Deadly Nadder and a male Monstrous Nightmare. A small batch of eggs lay in a nest between them.

My eyes widen. Nixie was right- some dragons are crossbreeding.

The Monstrous Nightmare lifts his head and bares his teeth at us. As he stands up to face us, his mate spreads her wings protectively over her eggs.

We land on a few nearby rocks and the male walks to the edge of his ledge, "What do you want?"

I leap onto the ledge and stand next to him. "I am Frostbite, and I am the leader of my clan. This is my deputy, Skurge, and one of my best fighters and students, Whiplash." At the mention of his name, Whiplash puffs out his chest. The Monstrous Nightmare glances at them warily and then growls, "So?"

"Me and my clan are claiming this island as our territory. You can either join us, or leave."

His eyes widen, and then narrow, "\_What\_? You can't do that!"

I grin maliciously, "Watch me. Now, if you know what's best for you, you will either come join our clan and live a wonderful life, or leave, and we will never bother you-"

The Monstrous Nightmare takes a step forward and growls, "Shut up and get out of here! We're not leaving!"

I narrow my eyes and unsheathe my claws. "You shouldn't have said that." I growl, and then quickly bark, "Skurge! Whiplash! Take care of the mother, but don't kill her or the eggs!"

As fast as lightning, Skurge zips past me and curls his snake-like body around the female Deadly Nadder. Whiplash stands by him, nipping and scratching her.

The Nightmare starts to run to her, but then whirls around and lunges at me. I dodge and score my claws down his flank. He shrieks in pain and I pounce, pinning him to the ground. He struggles, looking into my fiery orange and red eyes. "Do you give in?" I ask and he snarls, "Never!"

He tries to bite my neck, but I dodge and put a paw at his throat. "Skurge, Whiplash!" I hiss without taking my eyes off of my victim, "Make the mother see this. She has to learn what happens when you defy me." There's a moment of shuffling and yelps, and then Skurge grunts.

The cold ice in my veins return and I imagine that this is Alvinâ€|or one of my siblings. That'll prove to them that I'm more than they ever thought I would be, or what they would be.

Grinning, I raise my red paw and then dig my claws into his throat. The Nadder cries out, but I continue on to rake them down to her mate's chest. Blood splatters on stone and I jump off of the Nightmare. He lays motionless, blood forming a pool around him from the deep gash in his chest.

Whipping my head around, I glare at the female Nadder, who's looking up and lets out a wail of grief. Nodding to my cronies, I say, "Let her go." They do as I say and immediately she takes off into the sky, flying away. Her wing beats are uneven, and it seems like she's just flying in a blind panic.

"Why didn't you kill her too?" Whiplash snarls, "What's the point of letting one live?"

I look at him and reply, "She'll spread the word about me. About us." Skurge nods and then gestures to the batch of crossbreed eggs. Most of them got smashed in the fighting, but there're two left.



"We'll give them to Fernheart." I say, "If she'll take them."

Picking one up, I nudge the other to Whiplash and say, "Alright. Now let's get back to the clan."

\* \* \*

><p><em>Raven's POV<em>

\_A bit laterâ€|\_

A weak roar reaches my ears and I look up. Toothless, Nate and Irria, Stormfly, and Hookfang all look up, too.

"What was that?" Toothless asks, his mouth still full of fish. I glance down at my meal, and then up at the sky, "I don't know."

Another roar rings through the air again.

"Sounds like a Nadder." Stormfly exclaims, looking worried. Hookfang looks around, and then yelps, "There!"

We all charge towards the docks. An exhausted, beaten up female Nadder is flying towards us. Toothless goes to fetch Hiccup while Stormfly and I fly out to help her. When I reach the poor dragon, I see that she has various bites and scratches all over her body. And I also notice that her eyes are wide in panic and grief.

"What happened?" I exclaim, putting my wing under hers in case she drops. As Stormfly does the same, the beaten dragon gasps, "Attackedâ€|whiteâ€|.killedâ€|."

I glance at Stormfly in confusion and lead the Nadder down to the docks. She collapses immediately, gasping for breath. Toothless soon returns with his rider and the gang, who then go and treat the beat up dragon.

"What happened?" I ask again once the female has caught her breath. She looks up at me with weary eyes and rumbles, "We were attacked. Me and my mate. Theyâ€|there were three of them. The leader said something about joining a clan, but my mate refused. The other two attacked me while the leaderâ€|"

She pauses to let out a wail of grief. "She killed him! And she made sure to do it right in front of me! And our eggs! Our eggs got smashed."

Toothless and I look at each other. Then, I pad up to her and press my nose to her shoulder, "I'm sorry that happened."

The female jerks me off and looks at me with wide, grief-crazed eyes, "You should've seen her! She was- I don't even know what species! Sheâ€|herâ€|" the Nadder is starting to gasp now, and I can tell memories are flooding her mind, "She was kind of like you. But huge! Herâ€|her claws were crazyâ€|crazy long! And-" she lets out a cough, "And her scales were whiteâ€|so dazzlingly white. Like the moon!" another cough, "Butâ€|but they were stainedâ€|with blood. She was

white and redâ€|sheâ€|she is the Bloody Moon!"

My eyes widen, and with a heaving gasp, the Nadder falls unconscious to the floor.

**\*\*Pray for the 9/11 victims and their families. R&R\*\***

### 13. Home

**\*\*I felt like being awesome and posting this early\*\***

## Chapter 13

### Home

The egg feels smooth but lumpy in my paws as I fly towards the valley where I told the clan to go. I've been thinking about giving it a name. Maybe Clan Infernious? Infernious means fire, and we're dragons, so I guess it could work.

I tilt my wings and slice through the wind towards the valley. Narrowing my eyes, I see that no one is there.

"Frostbite!" I whip my head around to see Zylah flying towards me, "We found this wonderful hollow, come see!"

Signaling for Skurge and Whiplash to follow, I fly after Zylah. She dives down and soars around the cliffs. Then, she suddenly jerks to her left and disappears. Tilting my head, I flap my wings harder and see that she landed inâ€|a hollow. It looks like something carved a chunk of land out of the ridge. Glancing over my shoulder, I land beside her. The entire clan, even Skull, can fit in the large area.

"Pretty good, huh?" my delta asks, puffing out her chest. I look around. There are bushes and a few thin trees lining the edge, so that would save the hatchlings from falling down the steep drop. There are large crevices on the rocky vertical mountainsides, so most of the Fangs and Claws could fit into them. Plenty of areas where we could dig separate dens. And, on one of the more rocky walls to my left, there's a small waterfall with a pool at the base. Half of the pool goes underneath the rocks, seeing as they hang over the pool, and with one sniff I can tell that it's fresh water.

"Wow," Whiplash breathes, "This place is awesome! We can all live here!"

Skull lifts his head above the hollow and sniffs the air, "And the forests smell like they're full of prey."

"It's good, huh?" Nixie squeals, standing beside Zylah, "I think it's great. Do you think it's great, because I do and I think that everyone likes this place and-"

Skurge groans, "Nixie, please, our ears are bleeding."

I purr halfheartedly and nod to Zylah, "Good job, Zylah."

The Skrill ducks her head and says, "Well, actually, Willow and

Larksong found it."

I look at the two hatchlings, who are watching us under their mother's wing, and Willow speaks up bravely, "We did! We were playing, and I nearly fell into it!"

I nod and sniff the air. Skurge slithers up beside me and asks, "Something's off here. I mean, why has nobody claimed such a wonderful place like this? Something must be out there, scaring off the dragons."

"I'll check it out." I say, flying up to the top of the hollow, forgetting about the eggs. I sniff the air again, and open my mouth to taste it. My eyes turn to slits. \_Dire wolves! \_I once smelled the brutes when a wind from their territory blew over the ocean and passed Outcast Island. Skurge told me just how dangerous they could be.

"Skurge, get over here!" I call over my shoulder. A few moments later, my deputy is by my side, his head in the air, "The scent is old. So old I can only just smell it."

"Do you think we could stay here anyways?" I ask, "They could be gone."

Skurge mutters to himself for a moment, and then says, "They might not have ever been on the island. This scent could have come from a wind, and it's spring now so the recent snow from winter could have frozen the scent and preserved it. Now that the cold is gone, the smell is in the air, faint, but likely to stay unless another scent comes over it."

See? This is why he is my deputy.

"Alright," I say, bunching up my muscles, "Let's go tell the others to start setting up camp."

Turning around, I spring down into the hollow. Everyone looks up as I do. Looking around, I see a tall ledge above the pool of water. Leaping up onto it, I turn around and face my clan. They gather around the pool.

"Dragons ofâ€|" I hesitate, and then say, "â€|Clan Infernious! We are going to make camp here. It most likely will be permanent. I want the nursery to be the most protected area, along with Dracen's den. Any questions?"

Fernheart lifts her tail and I nod. "What about those eggs?" she asks and my eyes widen, landing on the two crossbreed eggs. "Ohâ€|yes, I forgot about those," I say, "Um, Skurge, Whiplash and I came across two dragons; a Monstrous Nightmare and a Deadly Nadder. They did not wish to join our clan, but they gave their eggs to us. They may be crossbreeds, but they will be treated as well as any other clan member. After all, they \_will\_ be the first dragons to hatch in the clan."

Everyone nods, and I yowl, "Well, then. Let's get to work!"

They scurry away and I leap down from the ledge. Walking towards Fernheart, I say, "The eggs will need a mother. I know you are busy

enough, but for now-

"I can take care of them." Misty suddenly says. All the dragons that heard- me, Fernheart, Fireflight, Dracen, Skyflame, and Skurge- whip their heads towards her, eyes wide. Misty doesn't break her gaze from mine, or her posture, and repeats, "I can take care of them. They are part Nadder, after all. And if Fernheart can take care of four Changewing hatchlings and two hatchlings of her own, two crossbreed eggs will be a piece of squirrel. Besides," she looks at Fernheart, "you've already got your talons full with those six."

The mother blinks in surprise, and then says, "Well, I guess two more hatchlings would be a little overwhelmingâ€|"

Skyflame walks up to her sibling, "Are you sure you can do this, little sister?"

Misty nods and walks up to the eggs. She nudges them towards Fernheart, and then lays down with her wings over them. "I can be theirâ€|mother, right?" she asks me. I blink and snap out of it, "Oh, of course. Fernheart will be there to advise you if you need it."

She smiles and nods. Fireflight stands still. "I never thought you'd be the mother type," he says.

"Me neither." Misty purrs. We all stand around for a few moments before Dracen says, "Call me when they hatch." Misty nods and he walks away with his herbs. Skurge jerks his head towards me and I trot towards him. He slithers slowly and I walk beside him.

"Well," my deputy says, "I did not see that coming."

"Me neither," I laugh softly, "I don't think anyone did, even her. I always thought she was a fun, energetic, careless, overgrown hatchling. But now it's like bam! She grew up in two seconds."

"Frostbite!" I hear Aquamarine call and turn to look at the Thunder Drum, "Where do you want your den to be? I can build it if you want."

I shake my head and reply, "It's okay. I can build my own."

I turn back to Skurge, who is staring at the rock wall where I made the announcement. His white eyes glint in the sunlight as he rumbles, "How about there?"

Following his gaze, I see a dark splotch in the wall. It's almost entirely hidden by a large boulder, but if I push it aside, I think I would be able to fit in the cave. Trotting up to the wall, I jump over the pool and onto the ledge. Hooking my claws into nooks and crannies in the rocks, I make my way over to the cave. Using my shoulders, I slowly push the boulder that is covering the entrance to the shelter. Suddenly, it falls to the ground with a thud.

I look down, "Are you okay?" Skurge thankfully didn't get hit and instead is already pushing the large rock to the edge of the clearing, towards the cliff. With one hard shove, he sends the stone tumbling down to the ocean and slithers to my side.

I turn around and walk into the cave. It's dark, but I'm used to that, what with being born in the Dark Cave and all. "Ahh," I hear Skurge sigh, "It's good to be out of the sun." I prick up at that. I had forgotten that Whispering Deaths hate sunlight. It must've driven him crazy, being out in the sun all the time.

With a quick sniff, I walk on. Soon, I feel a cold wall touch my nose and take a step back. "Stop." I order and Skurge stops. Turning around, I look at the cave. The light from the entrance reaches to the middle of the cavern, but it turns grey a few Terror lengths in. There are a few stalactites hanging from the ceiling, but they aren't long enough to touch my head. Padding up to the middle, I sniff the flat rock. This seems like a good place to make a nest. I lift my head and look around again. The cave seems to go far deeper into the mountain than it would seem, looking from the outside. It is big enough for both Skurge and I to fit in, along with extra space to move around.

I turn to Skurge, who is watching me from the shadows, and nod, "This is a good place to sleep in."

He straightens up and says, "Alright. I'll go organize hunting patrols."

"Thanks."

I walk after him as he slides out of the cave. Before I walk out, though, I rub my cheek against a couple of rocks to leave my scent on them, letting the other dragons know that this is my den.

"Hey, Frostbite!" Dagger calls from the ground, "This crevice actually opens up a bit on the inside. It's a good shelter-can we start making nests?"

I look at the fissure he's standing next to. It looks almost as if a claw came down from the sky and scratched it, separating the rock wall from the ground. I can see that it opens up inside, but just in case, I say, "Sure, but put some stabilizing rocks in case it decides to cave-in. Zylah," I jerk my head towards my delta, "supervise it."

She nods and gets to work with the Fangs and Claws. I lay down on the Leader's Ledge, as I am going to call it now, and gaze around the camp. Dracen's head is sticking out of some hanging lichen that is covering part of the far wall. There seems to be a small cave near the middle of the wall, because he keeps ducking in and out of the curtain of plant. There are also rocks so that he can climb down easily. I purr, happy that my friend is settling in quickly.

"Crag!" I perk up at Skurge's bark, "I want you to lead a hunting party. Take a Fang with you. We don't know what's out there. Solheart, you do the same."

The Skullion swivels his head towards him, a little startled, and then at me and asks, "Am I a Claw or a Fang?"

"Which do you prefer?" I ask, "You seem very capable of sneaking up on prey, so I figured you would be a Claw."

He nods and grin, flashing his sharp deadly teeth, "That's right. I'll be a Claw." Then, he goes off to gather some hunters. Crag, who was talking to Nixie, suddenly speaks up, "Is Nixie is Claw or a Fang?"

"Claw." I can't even imagine her in a fight.

Nixie squeals in joy and follows him and some other dragons out of the hollow towards the forest. It surprises me, how quickly she can move on land and how much smaller she is when her belly isn't full of water.

I notice Misty watching them as they leave. The nursery, which is basically a large vertical fissure in the wall, is slightly beneath Dracen's den, surrounded by lichen as well. The Nadder is crouching with her head sticking out next to Fernheart, who is watching her hatchlings play nearby.

Looking around, I see Amber, Ash, and the omega, Sparrow, coming into the camp with their mouths full of moss, twigs, and soft leaves.

"Sparrow!" I hear Skurge bark. Sparrow jumps in surprise and nearly drops his bundle. Trotting up to the deputy, he nods for him to continue. "Make Fernheart's and Misty's nests. Then you can help the Fangs and Claws with theirs."

"Wait." I interrupt, standing up. Leaping down next to my beta, I say, "Actually, I need the omega to map out the territory. That is his most important job, after all."

Skurge scowls at Sparrow and then growls softly, "I'll have Nightwhisper and Ash do it, then."

I nod curtly, and then look down at the omega, "I'll be accompanying you, if you don't mind. I want to get a look of the territory too." I glance at the sun, which is slowly starting to set, "And I hope you have a good memory, because we don't have any bones to bring with us. But the Claws should be done by the time we get back."

Sparrow jerks his head and quickly gives his nest materials to Nightwhisper. Bunching up my muscles, I spring onto the wall and then climb the rest of the way up. Turning around, I wait for Sparrow to fly up and then plunge into the forest.

\* \* \*

><p>"I never would've thought I would someday belong to a clan and live on such a beautiful island." Sparrow comments as we walk, "I don't really even mind my rank."<p>

We're heading back to the camp now. The forest was absolutely gorgeous. There's an outcropping of tall rocks in a clearing that I think would be great for training. I smell prey everywhere, and we even came across a boar. Besides the forest, we also went to the valley I saw from the sky earlier. It's much larger up close, and it seems like the plains go on forever. At one point they turned into marsh, and I saw a bunch of frogs and herons. We didn't go through the whole island, though, because I doubt we'll need it all. Well, for now anyways.

"Yeah," I respond, "It's a good thing Nixie found us, even though she can be a bitâ€¦"

Sparrow glances at me and I pause before continuing, "â€¦overenthusiastic."

He nods and we continue in silence. The sky is stained with red and orange as dusk falls. Suddenly, Dagger bursts through the undergrowth and skids to a halt in front of us.

"Frostbite!" he exclaims, "You've gotta see this!"

Sparrow and I look at each other before following him through the trees. As we trot, I hear the familiar trickling of water. Abruptly, the trees clear and I see Crag's hunting party on the edge of large river. The only problem is that the river is red.

I'm about to hiss in alarm when I see Nixie dive into the river and come back up with a large red fish in her jaws. Tilting my head in confusion, I walk to the river's edge and peer into the water.

The entire river is filled with red fish.

But now that I see them up close, I notice they're not entirely red. Their heads are green, and they've got long, curved jaws that look too strange to belong to any animal.

"Salmon!" Nixie squeals with joy as she drops her fish, "They're spawning!"

"Salmon?" I ask in confusion, "Is that a river fish?"

"No," she replies, "They spend most of their lives in the ocean, fattening up and stuff, but in the spring and summer millions come to their birth rivers to lay eggs."

Crag snaps his jaws around one, killing it, and then drops it on a growing pile. "They taste good too!" he rumbles, "Much better than ocean fish. I think they're a bit too salty."

I leap over the river and land beside the pile. Cautiously, I sniff it and am pleasantly surprised. They don't smell too much like those tart and salty ocean fish that Skull caught on the Skullion Island. My mouth waters and I take a step back. Yep, I definitely like forest prey better than sky or ocean.

I walk to the edge of the river beside Fireflight and lift a paw, "Hope you don't mind if I try to catch on- ah-ha!"

Hooking a plump one with my claws I fling it into the air and give it a killing bite. Looking across the river, I see Sparrow struggling to kill a fish that's flapping around on the shore pebbles. He suddenly slips on his lame paw and the fish bounces back into the river.

Sighing, I toss mine across the water and it lands next to him, "Go tell everyone that we'll be there soon. Also, bring that to Misty-"

"No!" Fireflight suddenly snaps. We all turn to look at him and he gulps. "I mean, uh," he stutters, "I can take something to her."

"What's wrong with Sparrow doing it?" Nixie asks. The Nadder looks at his paws and stutters, "Uhâ€¦well, I mean-er-"

"Oh," I perk up knowingly, "Alright, you can take a salmon to her. Sparrow, well, you might as well have that now."

Fireflight sighs with relief as Sparrow starts chewing on the fish hungrily. Skyflame, the Fang that came with the hunting party, stares at him for a few moments before turning to their fresh kill pile.

"Is the other hunting patrol back?" I ask Crag and he replies, "They should be just getting there."

I nod and pick up three fish from the pile. I notice that they also caught woodland prey along with the river prey. Skyflame picks up a young boar and Crag, a raccoon.

Crag looks at the rest of the prey and says through the raccoon's fur, "We're gonna haf to cum back phhor de ress."

He flicks his tail and the patrol sets out. I quickly signal for Sparrow to guard the rest of the kill and follow them. The river is close to the camp, but my neck still starts to ache from the weight of the plump fish by the time we get there.

The other patrol is already at the camp, but seem to have only just gotten there because everybody's watching them pile the prey. We jump down into the hollow and do the same.

With a jerk of my head, I send Falcon and Aquamarine to go and fetch the rest of the prey. I watch as Fireflight trots to Misty in the nursery, and then pad towards the pool. Dipping my head, I lap up the nice cool water. I hadn't realized how thirsty I was until I saw the river.

I drink for a few moments longer, and then lift my head and turn around. Many dragons are glancing at me occasionally, probably waiting for me to take the first pick of prey.

Smiling a little, I turn back around and leap onto the Leader's Ledge. Everybody looks up at me as I begin, "Dragons of Infernius! Today we have found our home, and tonight, we feast on its riches. Let us hope that we can settle in quickly, and soon maybe even start training apprentices."

I look at Willow and Larksong, who perk up and squeal with joy. I purr and then jump off of my perch, landing next to the prey pile. Falcon, Sparrow, and Aquamarine are skidding into the hollow and quickly dispose of their prey on the heap.

Sniffing around, I settle on a salmon and a wood duck, taking them next to the pool to eat. I sink my teeth into the salmon, and am pleasantly surprised. Skurge goes next as usual, ripping the two hind legs off of the boar and also taking a squirrel. He drags them to eat next to me and lies down, his side spines tickling my flank.



Soon, everyone has chosen a piece of prey and is eating contently. I notice Dracen eating and chatting softly with Solheart, Aquamarine, Amber, and Skull, and I see Fernheart walking towards them. Huh, it's good that he's not eating alone, I guess.

By the time everyone is finished, the sun has gone down and the stars come out. Yawning, I stand up, and with a nod to the clan members, turn towards my den.

\* \* \*

><p>Dracen's POV<p>

The scent of raccoon reaches my nose and I pick it from the prey pile. My mouth waters as I carry it back to my den, but before I can reach it-

"Hey, Dracen!" Amber, who is eating with Aquamarine, Solheart, and Skull, calls, "Come over here and join us."

I hesitate and she says, "Come on, cousin. Be more social."

Sighing, I walk over to them and lay down next to Solheart.

I sink my teeth into the dark furred prey, relishing its sharp sweet flavor. "So," Skull, who is gulping down the rest of the boar, says, "Do you like the new place, Dracen?"

"Yeah," I answer, "There's a lot of space for storage and sleeping."

Aquamarine licks her claws and says, "Actually, no. As far as I know, Skurge doesn't have a den yet."

"Really?" Amber asks, mildly interested, "So, where is he gonna sleep?"

"Eh, he'll probably share with Frostbite." Aquamarine says, "You know, leader and deputy."

Solheart sniffs and curls his tail around his belly, "It's only a matter of time before we have four-legged white hatchlings with spikes all over them running around the camp."

I nearly choke and cough, "What? That wouldn't happen."

"Well, back at the Isle of Skullions, there used to be a few small clans. They weren't very big, or collected as this one, and I wasn't in any. But I've heard that in nearly every one, the beta and the leader eventually became mates. I remember that I once met the leader and the deputy of one group once when I accidentally strayed into their territory. The two were on a walk, and when they sensed me, they nearly ripped my head off. They fought very well together. I think the female was the beta and the male was the leader."

Silence follows his words. I glance at Frostbite, who is lying next to Skurge, and feel a flicker of disappointment. Before the whole clan thing started, I had hoped that one day, her and I could have become partners. But nowâ€¦|

We're basically from two different worlds. I don't share her thirst for blood, or feel her excitement as she kills. I've never wanted to fight since the classes we took when we were kids.

"Whatever," Amber snorts, "I don't think it'll happen. Frostbite's too busy to be thinking about becoming a mother. And don't you think Skurge is a bitâ€|you knowâ€|old for her? I mean, he was her mentor."

"Well, that didn't stop me and my husband." Fernheart suddenly joins us, "He's gone now, but we still had enough time together to be happy."

"Huh," I huff, and then start washing the blood off of my paws and maw. I don't need a mate anyways. I'm fine. And I've got my cousin Amber to keep me company.

They continue to talk for a while, and I occasionally join in. With bellies full and the night not so cold, everyone's in a good mood. At one point, Poppypseed and Adder crash into my side, and after a scolding from their adoptive mother, they and the rest of their siblings go to the nursery, along with Fernheart.

Then, after the stars and the moon have come, Frostbite gets up and nods to everyone before climbing into her den. Skurge gets up as well, and mutters to Nightwhisper. I see his eyes narrow, and then the Whispering Death turns around and disappears into Frostbite's cave. I sniff, and can't help feeling the sharp fangs of jealousy.

**\*\*Don't worry, there won't be much romance and all that fluffy stuff. That last Dracen part was my big sister's idea. She ships DracenXFrostbite...Fracen? Drabite? Hmm, I wonder what FrostbiteXSkurge would be? Frosturge? Frurge? Skurgebite?\***

**\*\*CREDIT TO JOHNNYLEE619 FOR THE NAME INFERNIOUS!\***

**\*\*Lol, good night everybody\*\***

## 14. Wow a Lot Happens in This Chapter

### Chapter 14

#### Wow a Lot Happens in This Chapter

"Why won't she get up? I'm hungry!"

"She's been like that for a while. Is she okay?"

"She's fine, I can see her breathing."

"Good."

"Ugh, but she's not like she used to be. I loved it when she played with us, but now she's making everyone wait to eat until she gets hungry."

"Now, now, children. That's enough. This is just how clan life is, so

you have to respect that."

The nice morning sunlight warms up my scales as I lay on the Leader's Ledge. It's been two months since Infernius made a home in this canyon-like place, and things are going very well. The Claws have just come back with breakfast, and the dragons seem just fine with waiting for me to eat. All except Willow and Larksong.

"But I'm hungry!"

"You'll just have to wait."

"Like we're waiting to become apprentices? We're already eight months old! How long is she going to make us wait?"

"Children, that's enough."

I open an eye at Fernheart's snap. They haven't realized that I can hear them. I watch as the Changewing orphans scramble up to Willow and Larksong, who are on a rock near the edge of the cliff.

"Why are you complaining?" Wildfang sneers, "We've got to wait longer than you."

Suddenly, Willow catches my eye and says, "Oh, look! She's awake."

"I'm going to go ask her when we'll be apprentices." Larksong declares, leaping off the rock. Mid-leap, her mother catches her and carries her away, "You will most certainly not! She's probably waiting for you to grow some patience."

Purring, I leap off of my perch. I'll have to start deciding who their mentors will be, and how they'll train. Sniffing the pile of prey, I grab a plump carp **\*\*(a/n Omg, guys, look up carp fish, they are insanely fat!)** **\*\***and lay down in the shade.

The salmon run has ended, but there are still plenty of fish in the river that are trying to eat the baby salmon, and carp is one of my favorites. Of course, I still love woodland prey, but the occasional fish is good.

Skurge noses through the pile, and eventually picks a badger. He settles down next to me and I purr, "Those two are getting restless." I jerk my head towards Larksong and her sibling and he grunts, "How do you think they should train?"

"Maybe I should ask them what they want to be, and then choose a Fang or a Claw." I suggest.

He thinks about it for a few moments, and then says, "But it would also be good for them to know how to, say, if they're going to be a Fang, hunt."

"So, they should train for both and then decide?"

Skurge pauses for a moment to pick badger fur from between his teeth with his tail and then mutters, "How 'bout they train for both for two months, and then they decide, and then they train for that for another two months?"

I nod and say, "That's a good idea."

We continue to eat in silence. The carp is about the size of my head, so it's very meaty. I no longer mind the sliminess of fish, but I'm not crazy about it.

Ripping off another chunk, I watch as Willow and Adder play with the bones of a squirrel. Meanwhile, Larksong is showing off her "flying skills" to Wildfang, Poppyseed, and Brook. She wiggles her tail, and then leaps into the sky, hovering for a moment before landing a little roughly behind her audience.

"Hahaha!" Willow laughs, but not at her, "Larksong, guys come look at this!"

They huddle around her and I can't see what they're doing. Suddenly, a squirrel skull flips high over their heads and lands behind them.

"Wow!" Brook gasps, "How did you do that?"

"I just put this bone underneath this one, and then put the skull at the base of the top one, and then I hit the other end and it flipped."

"That kind of reminds of those throwy things that the Outcasts had." Larksong comments. After a pause, she perks up and says, "Do that again! I'm going to catch it in mid-air."

She flutters onto her rock as Willow resets the catapult. The young Timberjack is about to jump off, when there's a loud yelp of alarm and she falls off.

Fernheart, who was watching them, suddenly dives into the nursery. A moment later-

"They're hatching!"

Everybody whips his or her heads over to the nursery and I stand up. Fernheart sticks her head out of the lichen and the caretaker yelps, "The crossbreed eggs are hatching!"

Murmurs pass through the camp as dragons try to edge closer. Dracen leaps in front of them and barks, "Stand back!"

The lichen ripples and then Misty comes out, rolling her two adoptive eggs. "What do I do?" she cries out.

"Put them in water!" Fernheart and Dracen say at the same time.

Skurge and I jump out of the way as Misty and Dracen practically kick the eggs towards the pool. The crossbreed eggs are already starting to sizzle by the time they drop into the water. Everybody waits anxiously for the new hatchlings to swim to the surface.

"Aha!" Dracen says, reaching down and coming back up with a little dragon in his paw, "It's a female, and she looks healthy."

He puts the hatchling down and reaches for the next one, "This one's a male. Healthy too, and- ouch!"

The young male had set himself on fire like a Monstrous Nightmare. Dracen drops him and he lies next to his sister, sizzling. The two crossbreeds look very odd. They've got the main body of a Deadly Nadder, but they're a dark crimson color with black markings, and instead of a crown of spikes on their heads, they've got horns, like a Nightmare. Also, they have the spinal scales of their father and, apparently, the ability to set themselves on fire too.

Murmurs ripple through Infernious as Misty bends down and sniffs them. The male bats at her nose and she jerks her head back in surprise, "See? He's a little Fang already! I'm going to call him Badger."

She moves to the female one and looks at her. Her scales are a little lighter than her brother's, whose turns dark at some points. Suddenly, the little dragon's eyes flicker open, revealing strange silvery blue eyes.

"Wow," Misty says, and then turns to Dracen, "Why'd her eyes open so soon?"

The healer shrugs, "That happens sometimes, but look," he jerks his head towards the little female, whose eyes are drooping shut, "They probably won't open again 'till she's stronger."

Misty looks back at her and purrs, "I'm going to name her Silverhawk."

"Silverhawk?" I repeat, tilting my head.

"Because of her silvery blue eyes. And since they opened so soon, I feel like she's going to have a hawk's vision."

"Huh."

Badger lifts his head and stumbles towards the remains of my carp. His sister follows, and they start to nibble on the flesh.

Their new mother nudges them away, cooing, "No, no, little hatchlings, that isn't for you. I'll get you something to eat."

"It's alright," I say, "I was about done with it anyways."

Fireflight suddenly pushes between Skurge and Dracen and sticks his muzzle next to Silverhawk. "They're beautiful!" he exclaims, and then looks at Misty, "I caught a swan earlier. I'll put the feathers in your next and make it bigger."

Before she can say anything, he dashes off. Misty looks at me and starts laughing. I purr and sniff the hatchlings.

Slowly, everyone starts to walk away, going back to what they were doing. Skyflame steps next to her sister and mutters, "So, now I'm an aunt?"

Misty nods and says, "Adoptive."

"You know you're going to have to tell them about their parents eventually." Skurge warns and she rolls her eyes, "Eventually- as in, not now. Come on, my little hatchlings, let's go."

She picks them up gently and follows Fireflight, whose face is full of feathers, into the nursery.

Zylah yawns and says, "Well, I'm going to lead a Sky Patrol. Who wants to come?"

"I'll go." Amber says, padding up to her.

"Might as wellâ€|" Skyflame mutters, following him.

"I'm in!" a dark colored Gronckle named Stone says. He had joined Infernius about a month ago, along with another Terrible Terror named Calder. They hadn't been friends, but since they were new to the clan around the same time, Stone had quickly become friends with the small gray-blue dragon.

"Alright," I say, "You'd best be off. Safe flying."

"Thanks."

I turn around as they take off and nudge the remains of my carp with a claw. I had taken off the extra ones, so my claws are somewhat normal sized, for a dragon my size. Sighing, I dig a hole in the ground and bury the rest.

Suddenly, something darts in between my legs and I look down to see Larksong frowning up at me.

"Frostbite," she whines, "Fernheart won't let us go see the new hatchlings. Can we go?"

I purr and step to the side, "Perhaps it would be better to stay out here for a little while. Misty will be busy with Badger and Silverhawk, and she doesn't need you and your five siblings to get in the way."

>"We won't!" Adder scrambles beside his adoptive sister, "We just want to see them."<p>

"Yeah," Willow runs to us, with Poppyseed, Wildfang, and Brook following, "I heard they look really weird!"

"Hush," I say, "When they're old enough to explore outside and talk, I don't want you teasing them just because they're crossbreeds."

"We won't!"

"Good." I nod. They keep on looking at me and then I get an idea.

"Wait right here," I say and then trot to the nursery. Nosing through the lichen, I see Fernheart nudging Badger into a nest of swan feathers. She and Misty look up as I walk in.

"Did the hatchlings do anything, Frostbite?" Fernheart asks. I shake

my head and reply, "No, not at all. I just want to talk to you."

"Okay."

We walk towards the back of the fissure where it narrows. I sit down and curl my tail over my paws.

"What is it?" Fernheart asks.

I smile and say, "I noticed that Willow and Larksong are eight months old now." The caretaker stays silent and I continue, "It's time for them to become apprentices. I'll announce how the training will happen after we decide who their mentors will be."

Fernheart takes a deep breath and nods, "Alright. For Willow can Sawyer train her? He's a good dragon and is of her species."

I nod and say, "And for Larksong?"

She looks up, thinking, and then murmurs, "I don't know. I can't think of anyone that would train her well enough. Or be able to stand her at all."

I look at my paws and then offer, "I could train her if you want."

Fernheart turns her head to me, wide eyed, "Really? Can leaders do that?"

I shrug, "I guess."

The mother looks at me for a few moments and then purrs, "Thank you. When will you announce it?"

"Now."

"Now?" Fernheart echoes, puzzled, "But what about the Sky Patrol?"

I get up and walk out of the nursery, saying, "They'll hear about it."

Willow and Larksong are currently tussling in a patch of low tussocks. With a yowl, Willow leaps onto her sister and pins her to the ground with her large wings.

On the edge of the clearing, Wildfang is crouching low to the ground as if he's going to pounce on prey. His siblings watch him with interest as he stalks up to the two wrestling sisters and leaps.

THUMP

The Changewing bowls into them and they all collapse on the soft grass. I purr softly and search for Skurge. I see Calder reaching his head down so he can lap at the water in the pool and walk towards him.

"Hey, Calder." I bark and he looks up. Even though he and Sparrow are the same species, he's clearly stronger and more agile than the

omega.

"Have you seen Skurge?"

The Fang nods and replies, "I saw him going into the forest after you went into the nursery. Said he wanted to be alone for a while to think."

I tilt my head for a moment, curious about what's troubling my deputy, but then flick my ear knowing that I'll hear about it when he comes back.

Bunching up my muscles, I spring over Calder's head and land on the Leader's Ledge. Turning around, I yowl, "Infernious! Gather to hear my words!"

Everyone looks up in confusion except Willow and Larksong, who glance at each other and then yelp in excitement. Once everyone gathers beneath me, I announce, "Today our clan will gain the first apprentices." At this, Willow lets out an excited squeal and purrs ripple through the crowd, "Willow, come forward and stand next to the pool."

She does as I say and everyone watches me, waiting to hear what happens next.

Looking around, I spot one of my best friends and call, "Sawyer of Fangs, stand beside her."

The Timberjack looks startled at this, but quickly shakes it off and does what I say.

Looking down at them, I say, "You will be Willow's mentor. I hope you will pass on your agility and knowledge to her. You shall train her to hunt and fight for two months, and then she shall decide what she wants to become, and you shall train her to be that."

Sawyer nods and I pause, thinking for some way to complete their mentor-apprenticeship. Then, I say, "Now, bend your heads down and lap once from the pool, and then join the crowd as I make Larksong an apprentice."

The two dragons lap from the cool pool of water, and then step back. Willow happily follows her new mentor to the back of the crowd so they can talk.

"Larksong."

The young Timberjack nervously slithers forward and stops in the shadow of the ledge. I fix my red gaze on her, and then proclaim, "I will be Larksong's mentor."

A ripple of surprise passes through the clan, and a movement from the top of the hollow tells me that Skurge is watching.

Leaping down beside Larksong, she looks at me with wide-eyes, neither scared nor happy. Nodding, I dip my head down to the pool and lap once at the water as she does.

Turning around, I say loudly, "May these new apprentices train hard



and-

A sudden shriek interrupts me.

All heads whip towards the ocean as the Sky Patrol comes racing to us. I quickly leap towards the edge of the cliff and yowl, "What happened?"

"Intruders!" Zylah shrieks, landing beside me along with her patrol. Everybody looks around, eyes wide with panic.

"Oh no!" Fernheart cries out, putting her wings over the Changewing orphans, "They'll come and hurt the hatchlings!"

"What do we do?" Sparrow yelps, running around in a circle once. Many of the dragons have started murmuring in unease, and Skurge quickly leaps into the hollow.

"Silence!" he hisses and everyone goes quiet, "How are we to think with all your rambling?"

"But they're coming right now!" Stone exclaims, only to be snapped at by Skurge, "I know that! We've got to meet them before they reach us."

"There're at least nine of them," Zylah says, "All Zipplebacks."

I step forward and command, "I want a battle patrol to come with me and Skurge to meet the newcomers. They might not be here to fight, but we'll be ready if they are. I want Whiplash, Skyflame, Skull, Aquamarine, Viperfang, Nightwhisper, Amber, and Skurge.

Zylah, you stay and keep the clan together." I add, and then turn to Dracen, "Dracen, be ready."

He nods and disappears into his den.

"Also, I want a small group of Claws to be on standby if we need help." Skurge says, "Crag, Dagger, and Nixie." he sighs and then turns to me and nods.

"Sparrow," I bark, suddenly remembering, "Fetch my battle claws from my den, quickly." The omega nods and dashes off. A moment later, I'm quickly slipping the deadly weapons on my claws.

I'm about to launch into the sky when Ash calls, "What about me? I'm a Fang! And Stone, too!"

I look over my shoulder and say, "We don't want to use up all of our Fangs."

Taking a deep breath, I launch into the sky with my battle unit. Using strong strokes of my wings, I fly towards the green specks in the distance that I assume are the Zipplebacks. Skurge flies by my side, his long snake-like body writhing through the wind as he soars.

With a quick bark, I order Whiplash to be by my side. "Skyflame, go on Skurge's side and Viperfang, on Whiplash's." I bark, not looking over my shoulder, "Aquamarine, Skull, Nightwhisper, and Amber, tail

us slightly higher."

The Zipplebacks come closer and closer and then I stop about a Nightmare length away.

I narrow my eyes. They look like a large family, and are all fully grown. One especially large male and female are at the front, and I know that they are the parents. The father glares at me, and with all the scars on his face and body, it seems like he's had his share in fights.

"What do you want?" I snarl.

The Lead Female flies a bit closer and growls, "You're not welcome here anymore. We've been trying to find a territory big enough for our family, and we have heard of Infernious's tales. Leave while you have the chance, or we'll drive you out by force."

My battle patrol growls, and I hiss, "What makes you think you could beat us?"

The Lead Male snarls and bares his teeth, "My family, attack!"

Both groups surge forwards at the same time. The Lead Male snaps at me with both of his heads and I narrowly dodge. Hissing, I bite his wing and thrash my head. He howls in pain and I feel his teeth close around my tail. Snarling, I let go and do a downward loop, causing him to release my tail as I slash my claws across one of his faces.

The other glares at me and bites my shoulder. I grit my teeth in pain and twist my head to bite his neck. He yelps and lets go, but before the other head can attack, I blast it with a ball of plasma.

The Lead Male shrieks and backs up a bit. I seize my advantage and charge. Lashing out with my red paw, I leave a long scratch in between his two necks. Grabbing one in my jaws, I bite down hard. His head shrieks and makes a gurgling sound. I huff in satisfaction, only to see that I'm surrounded by green gas.

My eyes widen and I look around for clear air, to find nothing. The Lead Male snickers as one of his heads starts to spark. Suddenly, the gas is blown away by a fierce wind.

I look to my left to see Skull flapping his large wings at me. The father lets out a yelp as Skull snaps at him. He grabs him by the tail as the leader tries to flee and flings him across the sky. The Zippleback shrieks and flaps his wings as he tumbled uncontrollably towards the ocean. With a large splash, he slams into the water just as a wave crashes over his head.

I flash Skull a look of gratitude and he nods before snapping at one of the sons that leaped on his neck.

Looking around, I see Skurge with his snake-like body wrapped around the necks of the Lead Female. He hisses and lets out a stream of fire right at her faces and she screams in pain.

Grinning, I fly towards them and duck under her belly. With my double extended claws, I lash out and rake them across her soft underside.

She lets out a cry of pain that is nearly as high pitched as Nixie's.

"Please, please, stop!" she shrills, "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, we'll leave, I promise! We'll never come back, just please- I can't take any more pain!"

I fly up to her side in time to see Skurge grin and growl maliciously, "We'll see about that."

The Lead Female shrieks as my deputy sinks his teeth into one of her necks. I bare my teeth and claw her shoulder.

"No!"

I feel claws rake the base of my tail and whirl around to see the eldest son. He's bruised and battered, but hatred lights up his eyes as he roars with rage and lurches towards me. I dodge and fly upwards. As hoped, he follows.

Once we're above the battle, I tuck in my wings and flip around so I face the ocean. The Zippleback looks at me in surprise as I dive and slam into him. Wrapping my wings around him, I use my weight to make us both free-fall towards the sea.

The son shrieks in confusion and I grab both of his necks in my jaws before he can snap at me. I don't bite down hard enough to crush his wind-pipes, but enough so he can't move.

I watch the ocean come closer and closer as we plummet. Then, right before we hit the water, I let go of him and spread my wings. I hear him crash into the sea as the wind tugs at my wings a little painfully. Water splashes up beside me, due to the speed of my dive, as I try to regain flight control.

Tilting my wings, I surge upwards at impressive speeds and quickly choose a target. Skurge is fighting another Zippleback right above me. Closing my eyes, duck my head and-

WHAM!

I hit the enemy in the stomach so hard that she's sent soaring across the battlefield-er-sky. Skurge looks at me in surprise, then grins and barks, "Nice one, Frostbite."

I jerk my head and look for my next opponent. Most of them are fleeing already, leaving two behind. Soon, Whiplash sends his rival screeching after his family, leaving only one Zippleback left.

In the distance, I see the Lead Female. One of her necks is dangling limply in front of her. I tilt my head. It must be so weird to have two heads.

The last Zippleback, one of the older sons, is fighting Skyflame. Seeing his fleeing companions, he breaks away and flies after them. Not long after that, he turns around and snarls, "You'll regret this. We will have our revenge, and it won't be pretty."

"Can't wait." I snarl sarcastically, and my dragons back me up by laughing. The Zippleback sneers, but I can tell it's uncertain, and

flies after his family.

Grinning, I tilt my head up and let out a roar of victory. Skurge joins me along with everyone else. The fleeing intruders, though wounded, hiss and spit at us.

"Yeah!" Whiplash jeers, even though the Zipplebacks are far away, "That'll teach you what happens when you mess with us!"

"Bet you won't forget us in a hurry!" Skyflame adds.

I chuckle and look at Skurge. My deputy is staring at me blankly and mutters loud enough for me to hear, "I need to talk to you."

He turns tail and flies back to camp. I look at him in confusion and then glance back at the battle patrol. They all have injuries, but none as serious as the ones we inflicted on the Zippleback family. I can tell that Amber's are a bit deeper due to her softer skin, but she's still alive and that's what matters.

Suddenly, Crag, Dagger, and Nixie appear.

"That was great, guys!" Dagger congratulates, "You really taught them!"

"That was so exciting!" Nixie squeals, "It was really violent too! I thought they would kill you, but then they didn't because you guys started fighting too! And, Frostbite, that dive-down-and-up move was awesome! And Amber-"

"Alright, alright," I say before she can make our eardrums explode, "Save it for camp. I'm sure everyone will love to hear what happened."

\* \* \*

><p><em>Later<em>

"And then, Skyflame grabbed the brute's tail while I bit his shoulder!" Whiplash boasts as he recaps the battle to his audience, "You wouldn't believe how loud he shrieked! It was as nearly as high as Nixie's!"

"Hey!" Nixie chirps, huffing as everyone chuckles softly. We'd just gotten back to camp a few moments ago, and Whiplash immediately started vaunting about how well he fought. Meanwhile, Dracen is going around and treating everyone's wounds as they listen. The Claws and Fangs that stayed behind had kindly hunted a feast.

"And remember when Frostbite slammed into one Skurge was fighting?" Aquamarine speaks up, "I never knew a dragon could be hit so hard, or knocked away so far!"

I purr in my pride as Dracen puts some herbs on my wounded shoulder. He hasn't said anything, but is simply doing his job. I turn to him and ask, "What's wrong?"

He looks at me and mutters, "Nothing. Justâ€¦" he seems to hesitate, then settles with, "This bite wound is deep. Tomorrow I want you to come to my den so I can check it. Don't want it getting infected."

I sniff, unsatisfied, and he walks away.

"And then, while I was fighting, I saw Skurge and Frostbite gang up on the Lead Female. Frostbite nearly ripped her in half and Skurge basically burned her scales off! You should've seen them! They make a great team and fight so well together!"

Larksong jumps up and says, "I'm so glad she's going to be my mentor! I'll be the best Fang ever!"

"Frostbite."

Skurge's growl behind me makes me jump in surprise. Scrambling to my paws, I turn around and face him. I hadn't seen my second-in-command since the battle; he seemed to disappear when we got to camp.

Now, he's looking at me blankly, but I can see a hint of anger in his eyes.

"What is it?" I ask and he gestures to our cave, "We need to talk."

I nod and flex my claws. My battle claws are still on, so they sink extra deep into the soft dirt. I easily spring onto the base rock in front of my den and confidently plunge into the darkness.

Slipping into the grey light in the middle of the cave near the nest, I turn around and sit. Skurge settles down in front of me with his tail softly touching mine. I nod for him to speak.

"Frostbite, look how well we fought out there. Our dragons barely got hurt at all, and with armor we'd be invincible." I stare at him and he growls gently, "You know where this is heading."

I sigh and nod, "Yes, yes I do. You want to know when our revenge on Berk will be. I'll think about it, okay?" I'm about to stand up but he blocks me, "No, Frostbite, we are deciding now. You and I both want revenge."

I huff and say, "You are right about that. I want it so badly. But what do you think the clan will say? It's a bit odd to just go and randomly attack a island full of dragons and Vikings, don't you think?"

"Some of the dragons were there when Berk attacked Outcast Island. They'd want revenge too. We'll just explain to everyone else. Or we can say that we should teach a lesson to those pets for disgracing the dragon name and living with humans. Or that we need to extend our territory. Or that Berk is better than Infernius Island."

"I don't know if they'll believe us," I say doubtfully, "Perhaps we should wait a little for more dragons to join us like Stone and Calderâ€¦"

Skurge suddenly shoves his muzzle close to mine and growls, "Stop delaying this, Frostbite. I don't care if it's because you're scared to face your family or what, but I will have my revenge on Berk."

With, or without your help."

\*\*Soooo...this is the last chapter of 'Who to Become'. I shall be creating a new story, the last of the 'Who to' series. I think you can guess what it's about.\*\*

\*\*Btws, I NEED A NAME FOR THE NEXT STORY! Recommendations are appreciated. \*\*

## 15. New Story

\*\*NEW STORY! NEW STORY! NEW STORY! NEW STORY! NEW STORY! CALLED WHO TO CROSS! THANK YOU JOHHNEYLEE63923030932-WHATEVER FOR HELPING ME! AND FREEDOM OF THE EAGLE! AND MR ABOMINATION! \*\*

\*\*I'M SUPER HYPED UP! I DON'T KNOW WHY!  
FAJLHDSLKDFSJLDSJNDFS\*\*

\*\*BAIIIIIIIIII! GO LOOK AT THE STORY! \*\*

End  
file.